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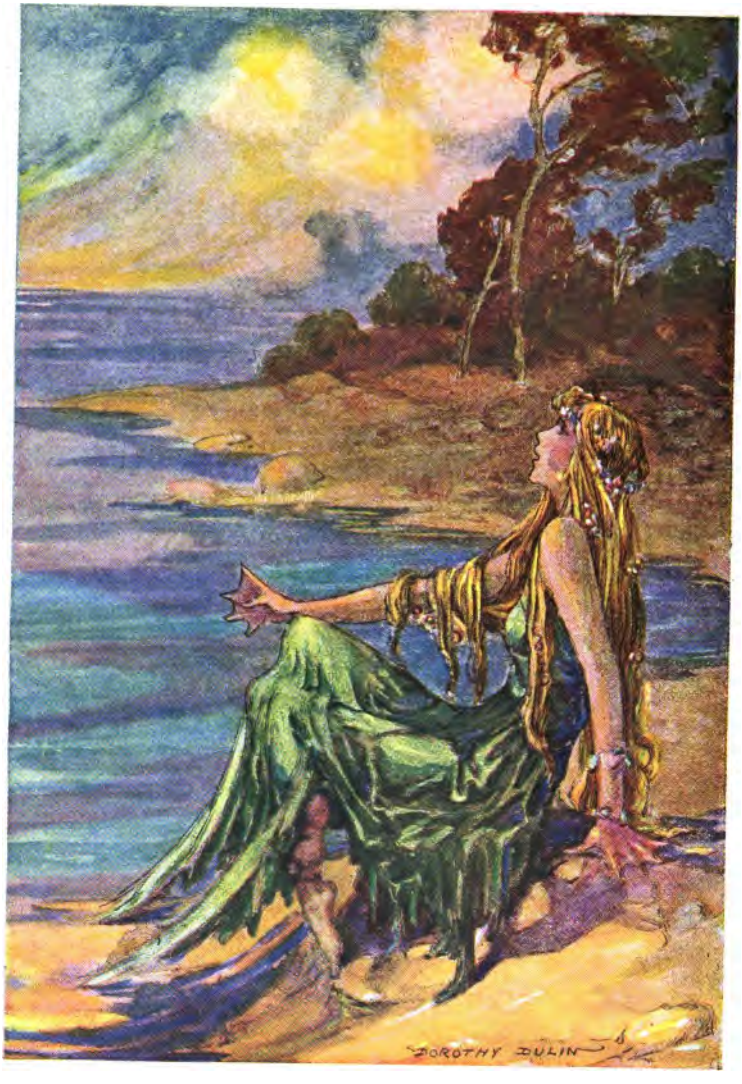

"This was the sun"

NATURE MYTHS AND STORIES

BY

FLORA J. COOKE

Principal of the Francis W. Parker School, Chicago

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY

DOROTHY DULIN

1921

A. FLANAGAN COMPANY

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SUGGESTIONS FOR TEACHERS

This is a completely revised and enlarged edition of "Nature Myths and Stories," first published in 1892. In it I have retold favorite myths so that children may read them and enjoy them for themselves, and I have added stories that may suggest to teachers the wealth of good material within reach, and encourage them to form the habit of going to the best original sources, such as folklore, mythology, the Bible, and great poetry for help in the construction and telling of stories.

I believe that a teacher should put enough of her own impulse to create into her story writing or story telling to make it a delight to herself as well as to her children.

There are real dangers in adapting myths to children, yet the difficulties add to a teacher's satisfaction in the worth-while effort, and if she is sensitive to the emotional reactions of children, there is constant incentive to growth and improvement in the great art of telling stories which every teacher of little children should master as a first essential of her profession.

The myths should be selected, first of all, as good literature. They should be stories which the children will love all their lives. A teacher must feel it a duty to keep true to the original idea and to the

spirit of the old story. She may not add carelessly, to the inherited classic, facts or fancies of her own. Yet, surely she has the right to adapt a story, eliminating that which is beyond the experience and understanding of little children, if she can do so without spoiling the unity and the beauty of the story. She is privileged to recognize the universal love of children for rhythm, repetition, and action, and to put the borrowed ideas into a simple dramatic form fitted to interest and give pleasure to them.

A myth may enhance a child's observation of natural phenomena and give him an added happiness in the clouds, the trees or the sunset; but he should never be forced to interpret its meaning.

A few stories that are not myths have been included in this book, because they are decided favorites of children, and since they are adapted from old folk tales and legends, they seem not entirely out of place in the collection. There are also a number of word pictures or fancies with a basis in mythology and in nature imagery, which, though they cannot properly be classed either as myths or as stories, are intended to suggest to children a similar and delightful use of their own imaginations.

The "Stories of Creation" and "Prometheus" are too difficult for all third grade pupils to read, but they might be told by the teacher. They are placed at the beginning as they emphasize the idea of origins—the chief unifying idea of the book.

F. J. C.

FOREWORD FOR CHILDREN

Most of the stories in this book are nature myths told in a form easy for you to read. Myths, you should know, are answers to questions which people of early times asked about the wonders of nature, or they are beautiful fancies concerning life and its mysteries. Myths grew up, little by little, when there were no books on science, geography, history or religion. You must remember that in that far-away time people had to try to answer all their own questions.

These myths were believed by people who lived thousands of years ago. Because many of them have something that is true and beautiful in them, they will live forever.

In those days no one knew what caused a storm or a rainbow. No one knew that the crashing thunder and the mocking echo had nothing to do with human beings, but obeyed only their own natural laws.

It happens that nearly all of these earliest dwellers upon the earth invented similar explanations for what they saw. This may be because they lived in the same world and saw the same wonders. Often myths of races of people living far apart were so

much alike that the greatest scholars cannot understand the reason for it.

Most of the early peoples worshipped the sun as something more than human, as a god—a giver of good. Yet from the sky where the life-giving sun reigned, death came swiftly in the lightning. Gradually people learned that nearly all their chief blessings—water, fire, and air—would at times ruthlessly destroy them and all their belongings.

For this reason, probably, all primitive people began to believe that there were gods who ruled over them. Good came as a reward when these great gods were pleased with mortals. Punishment came when people offended them by disobedience. And so people began to try to please the gods, or gain their favor by sacrifice, by prayer, and by building great temples in their honor.

You will often hear myths spoken of as the religion of ancient peoples, but you must not think that by religion is meant the religion of today, for these old gods have not now a single worshipper on the earth. Therefore you must not confuse their religion with your religion, or their gods with your God—Him whom you worship as the source of all the love, beauty, goodness, and greatness in the world.

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NATURE MYTHS AND STORIES

STORIES OF CREATION

THERE are two questions which people have always asked and which children all over the world are still asking in one way or another —and these questions are, "How was the world created?" and "How did mankind first come upon the earth?"

These are such great questions that people's ideas have always become great in trying to answer them. And that is perhaps the reason that we have such wonderful stories of the creation.

GREEK STORY OF CREATION

Many early Greek people thought that Time had existed always—before the beginning of anything which was then upon the earth. And they thought that after ages and ages Time had brought forth Chaos, which was a vast black emptiness, made of the darkness which was

under the earth, and the gloomy night which dwelt behind the sunset. And slowly Time caused Chaos to be filled up with mist and fiery air, and he made the mist to spin around the fiery air in the center of it, until it took the form of a huge world egg, and the egg continued to whirl rapidly until it flew into two great halves.

And lo, out of one half came the broad-bosomed Earth, and out of the other half came the starry vault of Heaven, and from the center of the egg came beautiful Love to rule the hearts of gods and men.

Then Mother Earth gave forth the mighty towering mountains, the fertile fields, the stony plains, the all-encircling seas, and the plants and animals which possess them.

And when Heaven and Earth at length had wedded, from their union there came the hundred-handed monsters, the fierce Cyclops and the great race of giants called Titans. One of these Titans was called Prometheus and another was Cronus, and Cronus was the first ruler of the world. The head of Cronus was veiled in mystery, and in his hand he carried the sickle as a symbol of growth and the harvest, and of

the cutting off and ending of life. And from Cronus descended Zeus, the father of all the gods. And the titan, Prometheus, made man from clay in the image of the gods, as you shall hear in another story in this book.

THE NORSE STORY OF CREATION

According to certain old records, called the Eddas, which give many of the mythical tales of the Norse people, the old Norsemen believed that there was once a time when there was no heaven above and no earth beneath, but only a bottomless abyss. And there was in the north a world of mist and darkness, in which sprang a fountain. Twelve rivers issued from this fountain, and when they had flowed far from their source, they froze into ice which formed layer upon layer and finally filled up the great abyss.

And in the south was a world of fire and light and a warm wind arose from the fire and blew upon the ice in the abyss and melted it: and a vapor arose in the air and formed a cloud from which sprang Ymir, the father of all the giants, and also a huge cow, Audhumbla, who gave the

milk which fed the giant Ymir. And the cow got her nourishment by licking the hoarfrost and the salt from the ice in the abyss.

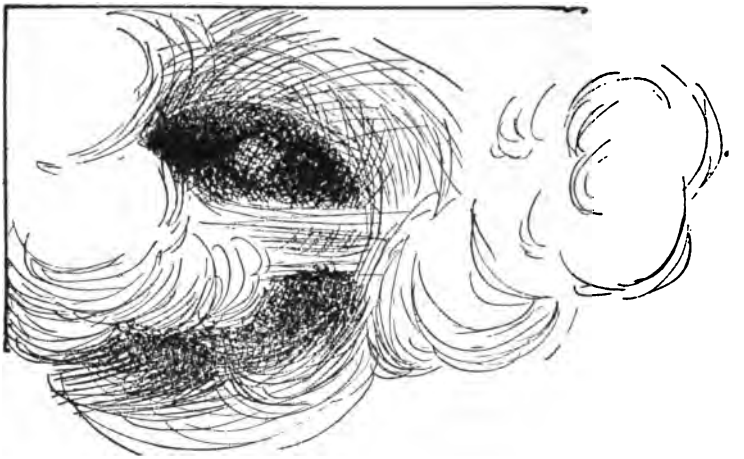
And it happened one day when she was licking the salt from the stones that there came into view the hair of some being, and on the second day the whole head was uncovered, and on the third day an entire form of beauty, strength, and power stood forth upon the earth. This new being was the god Bori, father of all the gods.

Bori was great and powerful, but he was wicked and cruel, so that finally his three grandsons, Odin, Vili, and Ve, slew him. And from his flesh they made the dry land, and from his blood the seas; his skull became the overarching heavens, his bones the mountains, and his coarse hair, the forests of the earth; his brains became the clouds charged with hail and snow. From Bori's eyebrows they made a fence around Midgard, or mid-earth, which was afterward to become the abode of man.

Then light was needed and the three grandsons, Odin, Vili, and Ve, placed in the heavens as sun, moon, and stars sparks from the southern fire world, to light the earth. From the

blackness of the abyss they made night, and with great care planned out the seasons. As soon as the sun began to shine upon the earth all the vegetables and larger plants and trees began to sprout and bud and put forth fruit and the world soon became a great, beautiful garden.

Shortly after the three grandsons of Bori had created the world they walked beside the sea and were much pleased with what they had done, but they found that it was not yet complete for there were no human beings to enjoy their work or to do honor to the gods. Then Odin, the greatest of the three gods, saw growing in the distance two beautiful trees, an ash and an elm, and from an ash spar he made man, and from an elm spar he made woman, and he said, "From these two beings which I have created, shall come a race of men to enjoy the world. Their homage will be sweet to us, the gods." And Odin gave to these beings life and soul, and Vili gave them reason and motion, and Ve gave them their senses and the power of speech; and Midgard was given them for their dwelling place, and thus it was, the Eddas say, that the Norse men thought the world was made and peopled.



THE HEBREW STORY OF CREATION

But the greatest and most beautiful story of creation is the Hebrew story which is the one in your own Bible, which you have read many times, and which all the Christian world has accepted as true. It is given here so that you may read it with these other stories of Creation, and appreciate more than ever before the wonderful beauty and dignity of the story, and the way it is told:

In the beginning God created the heaven and earth.

And the earth was without form and void; and the darkness was upon the face of the deep. And the Spirit of God moved upon the face of the waters.

And God said, Let there be light: and there was light.

And God saw the light, that it was good: and God divided the light from darkness.

And God called the light Day, and the darkness He called Night. And the evening and the morning were the first day.

And God said, Let there be a firmament in the midst of the waters, and let it divide the waters from the waters.

And God called the firmament Heaven. And the evening and the morning were the second day.

And God said, Let the waters under the heaven be gathered together unto one place, and let the dry land appear: and it was so.

And God called the dry land Earth; and the gathering together of the waters called he Seas: and God saw it was good.

And God said, Let the earth bring forth grass, the herb yielding seed and the fruit tree yielding fruit after his kind whose seed is in itself

upon the earth, and it was so. And God saw that it was good.

And the evening and the morning were the third day.

And God said, Let there be lights in the firmament of the heaven to divide the day from the night; and let them be for signs, and for seasons, and for days, and years.

And let them be for lights in the firmament of the heaven to give light upon the earth: and it was so.

And God made two great lights; the greater light to rule the day, and the lesser light to rule the night; He made the stars also.

And God set them in the firmament of the heaven to give light upon the earth, and to rule over the day and over the night, and to divide the light from the darkness: and God saw that it was good.

And the evening and the morning were the fourth day.

And God said, Let the waters bring forth abundantly the moving creature that hath life, and fowl that may fly above the earth in the open firmament of heaven.

And God created great whales, and every

living creature that moveth, which the waters brought forth abundantly, after their kind, and every winged fowl after his kind: and God saw that it was good.

And God blessed them, saying, Be fruitful, and multiply, and fill the waters in the seas, and let fowl multiply in the earth.

And the evening and the morning were the fifth day.

And God said, Let the earth bring forth the living creature after his kind, cattle, and creeping things, and beasts of the earth after his kind: and it was so.

And God made the beast of the earth after his kind, and cattle after their kind, and everything that creepeth upon the earth after his kind: and God saw that it was good.

And God said, Let us make man in our image, after our likeness: and let them have dominion over the fish of the sea, and over the fowl of the air, and over the cattle, and over all the earth, and over every creeping thing that creepeth upon the earth.

So God created man in his own image, in the image of God created he him; male and female created he them.

And God blessed them, and God said unto them, Be fruitful, and multiply, and replenish the earth, and subdue it: and have dominion over the fish of the sea, and over the fowl of the air, and over every living thing that moveth upon the earth.

And God said, Behold, I have given you every herb bearing seed, which is upon the face of all the earth, and every tree, in which is the fruit of a tree yielding seed; to you it shall be for meat.

And to every beast of the earth, and to every fowl of the air, and to every thing that creepeth upon the earth, wherein there is life, I have given every green herb for meat: and it was so.

And God saw every thing that he had made and, behold, it was very good. And the evening and the morning were the sixth day.

Thus the heavens and the earth were finished, and all the host of them.

And on the seventh day God ended his work which he had made; and he rested on the seventh day from all his work which he had made.

And God blessed the seventh day, and sanctified it; because that in it he had rested from all his work which God created and made.

But there went up a mist from the earth, and watered the whole face of the ground.

And the Lord God formed man of the dust of the ground, and breathed into his nostrils the breath of life; the man became a living soul.

And the Lord God said, it is not good that the man should be alone; I will make an helpmeet for him.

And the Lord God caused a deep sleep to fall upon Adam, and he slept; and he took one of his ribs, and closed up the flesh instead thereof.

And the rib, which the Lord God had taken from man, made he a woman, and brought her unto the man.

And Adam said, This is now bone of my bones, and flesh of my flesh: she shall be called Woman, because she was taken out of Man.

Therefore, shall a man leave his father and his mother, and shall cleave unto his wife: and they shall be one flesh.

PROMETHEUS

ONCE upon a time, before there were any people upon the earth, a great race of giants called the Titans lived among the mountains of Greece. Prometheus was one of the greatest of these Titans, who was much honored because he could foresee events and foretell the future.

Zeus was the greatest of all the gods and the ruler of heaven and earth. His home was on Mount Olympus, the highest mountain in Greece, and there with him lived all the other gods.

At one time the giants grew angry with the all-powerful Zeus and wanted to take his throne away from him. But Prometheus was wiser than the other giants. He tried to show them how powerful Zeus was. He begged them not to attempt to battle with the great god because he knew they would fail. But they would not listen to him and they soon began to carry out their foolish plan.

They piled great rocks higher and higher until they reached above the sky. On the top of this

mound, hidden by the clouds, they hoped to make battle upon Mount Olympus and conquer mighty Zeus.

Prometheus could not stop the giants, but he and his brother Epimetheus refused to help them.

Zeus waited until the giants had finished their work and were ready for battle. Then he put out his scepter and touched the great giant-made mountain. Instantly it fell over into the sea, carrying all the giants with it.

Prometheus and his brother were now the only Titans left upon the earth, and they were very lonely. So one day Zeus gave them permission to make animals out of clay. He advised them to give their creatures faculties for getting their living, and coverings to protect their bodies. Because Prometheus was wiser than Epimetheus he was set to oversee his brother's work.

Epimetheus shaped many animals from clay, and gave them gifts of courage, swiftness, strength, and cunning. To some he gave feathers and wings; to others, fur and claws; and to others, a hard shelly covering.

While his brother worked upon these animals

Prometheus was trying to make a nobler animal than any of these. For this purpose he took fine earth and kneaded it with water. Finally, after many trials, he made his creature in the image of the gods and called it *man*.

He gave to man an upright stature, so that while the other animals must face the earth, man gazes at the stars.

At last man was finished, all except his covering and his gifts. But alas, Prometheus had been so interested in his own work that he had forgotten to watch his brother, Epimetheus, who was always rash and who never looked ahead as his brother did.

So, as might be expected, Prometheus now found that Epimetheus had used up all the gifts and coverings for the other animals, and that nothing was left to give man.

Greatly troubled, Prometheus went to Zeus and begged for help. Zeus pitied him and said, "I myself will clothe man," and this he did, and that is the reason that man's covering is so delicate and so beautiful.

Prometheus gazed upon man with his wonderful covering, and was so pleased with him that he created him in great numbers. However,

"He made his creature in the image of the gods and called it man"

his people were still helpless and stupid for they had no gifts. But Prometheus was not discouraged. He knew that in time he should succeed in making man the noblest animal of all.

He knew that, first of all, his people must breathe, so Prometheus went to the great Zeus again and asked for help, and this time Zeus sent him to Aeolus, the god of the winds. Aeolus commanded his son North Wind to go with Prometheus and when North Wind saw the wonderful people of clay, he blew his breath upon them, and one by one they began to breathe.

But they were a dull people, and Prometheus was not satisfied. He went to Aeolus again, and this time Aeolus sent South Wind and the Zephyrs back with him. South Wind brought green grass, flowers, and birds. The Zephyrs laughed and sang and danced, but the people were too stupid to learn from them. They wanted only to crawl far back into dark caves out of sight.

Then Athene, herself, the great goddess of wisdom, came to aid Prometheus. She gave to the people her supreme gift, intelligence, so that while man had no other gifts or instincts he was able to learn from other animals. Soon he learned to conquer and excel them all by the use of his mind.

Athene was pleased with her work and said, "Man shall also have a soul. I myself will breathe a soul into man. This will forever set him apart and above all other animals." This she did, and, so the story says, man received in one day his mind and his soul.

But the people were still miserable and Prometheus knew that they needed one other gift from the gods, the greatest gift of all, fire, and he said, "This also they shall have. Fire

will drive away darkness and conquer the cold. Fire will draw the people around it and create a home. Certainly the people must have fire."

But, before he had time to ask Zeus for it, something had happened.

Wise old Zeus had foreseen that Prometheus must soon ask for fire for his people. He, too, knew that it was the one thing they needed. But fire was the most precious possession of the gods and Zeus kept it burning around his throne day and night. He grudged its use to man and said to himself, "Fire, man shall not have." You see, Zeus was already jealous of these people that Prometheus had made, and he feared that if they had fire they might soon equal and rival the gods.

Therefore, he tried to think of an excuse for refusing fire to them, and, since there seemed to be no good reason for doing so, he immediately decided to pick a quarrel with Prometheus.

He told him to slay an ox and divide it into two equal parts; one part was to be set apart for man to use in sacrifice to the gods in gratitude for their protection; the other part man could use for his own needs.

Zeus said to Prometheus, "Prepare these

parts and disguise them. When all is ready I will choose. The portion I select shall always be set aside as an offering to the gods, and man must be content with the other portion."

Now Zeus felt sure that Prometheus in making the division would try to favor his people, and you will see that he was right. For when Prometheus divided the ox he wrapped all the good and edible portions in the bloody skin, but all the bones and waste parts he cunningly concealed under the clean white fat of the animal, hoping that Zeus would choose the better looking portion.

Zeus, of course, saw through the trick, for he was all-seeing, but he pretended he did not know which portion was the better, and he chose the useless portion for the gods.

When he lifted up the fat and uncovered the bones, he pretended to be very angry and said, "Is this my portion, ungrateful Prometheus? You should teach your people to worship the gods and to give them always the best. I have already given you too much for them. Let them now help themselves. Ask nothing more for them from the gods."

Then Prometheus was very miserable, for he

loved his people more than his own life. At last he said, "I dare not ask Zeus for the fire, but nevertheless they shall have it. Until now my people have known only the evils of fire. In fear they have watched it descending from Mount Olympus to destroy the enemies of Zeus. In terror they have seen it issuing from inside the earth, with great rumblings, so that even the mountains trembled as the flames burst forth. Now they shall know the blessings of fire. I will give them fire even though I pay for it with my life."

He went straightway to the throne of Zeus and filled a hollow tube from the precious flames and carried it to his people.

Then the people, with the help of fire, began to work for themselves. They dug rich ores from the mountains, and forged tools and made many useful implements. They began to cook their food. As they grew wiser, they learned how to plow and to reap, to harvest their crops, and to store their food for the winter. They began to build houses and sail ships on the ocean, and exchange their products.

When Zeus saw all these things he was indeed very angry with Prometheus. He dared not put

him to death because Prometheus knew the future. He alone knew many things that Zeus wanted to find out. Therefore, instead of death, he gave him a terrible punishment.

He had Prometheus chained to a rock on top of a high mountain called Mount Caucasus, and sent a great vulture every day to feed upon his liver, which was consumed by day, and by night grew again. Zeus said he must stay in this torment until he returned the fire to heaven.

So Prometheus stayed on the bleak mountain top and suffered for many burning summers and long, cold winters. Sometimes he grew so weary and faint-hearted that he was tempted to free himself and give back the fire to Zeus.

But when he looked down upon his people and saw how the fire was helping them, and how happy and contented they were, he knew that he could never do it. Always he grew strong and patient again to wait for the release which he knew would finally come to him.

After many, many years a Greek hero, who was sailing over the mountains in a golden cup, saw Prometheus. This was Hercules. He shot the vulture with a golden arrow, unbound the chains and set the great-hearted giant free.

HOW THE SPARK OF FIRE WAS SAVED

LONG ago, when fire was first brought to the earth it was given to the care of two beldams who lived at the end of the world.

The Cahroc Indians knew where it was hidden. They needed fire, and were always planning ways to get it. At last they went for help to the wise coyote. "That is simple enough," said he, "I will show you a way to get it. Fire is a great blessing and should be free to all people."

The coyote knew every inch of the road to the beldams' hut. Along the path leading to it, he stationed beasts, the strongest and best runners nearer the hut, and the weaker ones farther off. Nearest to the hut he placed one of the sinewy Cahroc men.

Then he boldly walked up to the door and knocked. The beldams, not fearing the coyote in the least, invited him in. They were often lonely, living so near the end of the world.

When the coyote had rested before the fire for some time, he said, "The Cahroc nation needs

fire. Could you not give them a small spark? You would never miss it. Here it is of no use."

The beldams answered, "We do not love it, but we dare not give it away. We must guard it while we live."

The coyote had expected them to say this. He sprang to the window, and instantly outside were heard such sounds that the beldams rushed out to see what the frightful noise could be.

Each animal in the line was sounding the watchword of fire in his own way. The wild horse neighed, the mountain lion roared, the gray wolf howled, the serpent hissed, the buffalo bellowed, and every small animal did its part equally well. Indeed, it is no wonder that the beldams were frightened nearly to death.

The Cahroc man went to them at once and told them not to fear for themselves. While he was telling them this, the coyote seized a half-burned brand and was off in an instant.

The beldams sprang after him and followed him closely over hill and valley. Faster than the wind they flew. They were stronger than he, and though he put all his wildwood nerve to the strain, they steadily gained. Soon the race must end! But puma, the monstrous cat,

"Puma, the monstrous cat, was watching"

was watching, and leaped up just in time to save the brand. Each animal was in his place, and the fire passed on.

It came at last safely to the Cahroc nation and was afterward free to all people under the sun.

There were only two mishaps in all that race. As the squirrel turned a corner of stumps and boulders, his beautiful tail caught fire. A brown streak was burned up over his back to his shoulders, and the curl has remained in his tail to this day.

The frog had a harder fate. He was the last one in the line of beasts. When the brand reached him, it was smaller than the smallest coal on the hearth.

He seized it carefully and jumped forward as fast as he could, but the hand of the foremost beldam caught him and held him fast. How his heart beat! His eyeballs bulged almost out of his head with fright, and ever since that day he has kept that scared look.

He did not lose his courage, however. He swallowed the coal and sprang into the water. He was glad to escape, but sad to tell, the beldam still had in her hand his special pride and care,

his tail. Henceforth, only the tadpoles could wear tails. The breathless, weary old frog swam out of the beldam's reach to a log. He sat down upon it to rest and think what should be done next.

"I did my duty even if I lost my beauty," he thought, as he blinked his great round eyes. "That is enough for a frog. But this spark must be saved. Now I must think about that and nothing else."

Soon an idea came to him, and after much painful choking, he blew the spark from his mouth, and forced it well under the bark of the log where it was safe.

In this way the gift of fire came to all men, for even in the wettest weather, if you rub two sticks together fire is sure to come.

Because they know how it was that the frog hurt his throat that day, the Cahroc Indians like to listen to his hoarse voice when they hear him singing to his children in the spring.

KING ALCINOUS AND THE STORM GIANTS

ON a high plain covered with flowers once lived good King Alcinous and his gentle people, the Phaeacians. They were marvelous sailors and went about in silver ships without rudders or sails, and these wonderful ships went slowly or very fast, just as the sailors wished. For many years the Phaeacians were peaceful and happy, for though they were as brave as they were gentle, they hated war.

Far below the Phaeacians, in a valley, lived the Storm Giants, a people larger, darker, fiercer than themselves. These dark people cared for nothing so much as war and conquest. Their gray battleships, with black hulls and prows, looked like huge birds as they flew before the wind.

When the dark people saw King Alcinous' silver ships with the golden prows, they wanted them for their own. So they armed themselves and made ready for a great battle. They did

"They beheld the silver ships of the Phaeacians sailing forward to meet them"

not doubt that they could conquer the Phaeacians, but to be sure of victory, they borrowed the thunderbolts and the lightning of Zeus.

The day came and all was ready for the Storm Giants to advance. They hurled a thunderbolt toward the Phaeacians to warn them to defend themselves. Then, in amazement, they beheld the silver ships of the Phaeacians sailing forward to meet them, and it was not long before

they saw that King Alcinous alone was more powerful than their whole army.

He was dressed in armour so bright that it dazzled their eyes to look at it. He was covered with millions of golden arrows tipped with diamonds, and he showed the frightened people how he could shoot these arrows in all directions at the same time.

Then the Storm Giants trembled with fear, and prayed aloud for mercy. At once King Alcinous smiled upon them and sent Iris over her rainbow bridge to tell them that all was well. Then slowly he and all his people turned their ships and sailed away toward the west. On and on they went until they came to the palace of the King upon the shore of a great silver sea. The golden gates before the palace opened and King Alcinous and all his men entered the fair, peaceful realm where they dwelt.

The King's palace was made of gold and silver and precious stones. Its towers were of rose color and shone with a wondrous light. The steps were of pure gold. On either side of the steps were statues of young boys holding burning torches, and huge dogs guarded

the great arched entrance, which led to the inner throne.

In the gardens, at the right of the palace, were singing birds and fountains and gayly colored flowers which bloomed the year around, and little children playing everywhere.

Under the trees, to the left, young maidens were moving gracefully about their tasks. Some were winding off the purple skeins of wool. Some were weaving wonderful tapestry and curtains and others were making rich embroidery with colors of every hue. Their work was worthy of Athene, for the Phaeacian women as far excelled other women in the household arts as the Phaeacian men excelled all other men as mariners.

The Storm Giants had followed King Alcinous to his gates. Now, dazed with all they had seen, they turned their ships and sailed back to the Storm country, conquered without a battle.

And often to this day, the great shining King sits in the gardens of his palace in the west, when his work is done. He loves to see his people glide about upon the silver sea, in their ships without rudders or sails.

The fierce dark people still go to war, but they do not fear King Alcinous. They know, that though he is great and powerful, he loves peace, and they carry on their wars as far as possible from his kingdom.

For this reason King Alcinous seldom sees the dark people fighting.

Yet sometimes after a brave battle, when they think he is far away he comes out of his palace and smiles his glorious bright smile upon them, and always the dark people glow with pleasure and smile back at him.

You can usually tell when this happens, for the rainbow bridge of Iris appears, over which she carries back and forth their messages of good will.

THE SWAN MAIDENS

THERE is an old Greek Myth which tells us that the Swan Maidens were the beautiful daughters of Phoebus, the King of the Golden Sword.

After hearing this, one might expect to find many old Greek stories about them. There are plenty of stories about Zeus, Apollo, Athene, and Hermes, as you know, and hosts of them about heroes and giants, but none about the Swan Maidens, who were not a whit less interesting.

However, it is not yet too late to write a story or a poem about them for they are just as wonderful today as when, long, long ago they gathered round the throne of mighty Zeus on Mount Olympus.

The most precious possession of the Swan Maidens has always been the gift of magic. By means of it, in the twinkling of an eye, they can change their form or their dresses to suit their fancies.

One of their favorite games is to make themselves into snow-white sheep, and wander with

the moon goddess, Artemis, across her great blue meadows. Sometimes they skip and run before her, sometimes they rudely crowd each other across her path. Again, the whole flock meekly follows where she leads. They are so often seen with the gentle shepherdess that in some countries they are known as Artemis' sheep.

Their games never last long, and when Artemis happens to take her path by the shining meadow lake the fickle Swan Maidens often desert her and suddenly disappear. But in a moment many graceful swans appear on the lake, floating calmly about as if they had never done anything else in all their lives.

But you must not think that the Swan Maidens do nothing but play, for that is far from the truth.

It is one of their pleasant duties to fill the sky daily with beautiful pictures, which are constantly changing. They also help their father, the King of the Golden Sword, in his great work. As his kingdom, at one time or another, includes all the earth and sky, there is much work to be done. Every morning, the great eastern gates open wide and the King

begins his journey to his throne palace in the west. His work is to scatter heat and light among his people.

One can imagine the King saying to the Swan Maidens, "Daughters, the grass on the earth is brown, and the buds on the trees are not coming out properly. Something must be done about it. There is nothing more beautiful in our kingdom than the green grass and the trees. They need your care. There is not a moment to lose."

Instantly the Swan Maidens obey. They change their garments and start upon their journey. Often all who go cannot work upon the grass and buds. Then some of them run down to feed the roots and worms, and work underground. When their tasks are finished they always hurry back to their father, ready for new work or play.

Fortunately for them their gift of magic enables them to make themselves invisible. This is very necessary, for, strange as it may seem, the Swan Maidens have an enemy, a clever creature called a mortal, who is always setting traps for them on the earth. As he is something of a wizard, he understands most of

their magic, and can make them change their forms at will.

When he has caught them he enslaves them, and they must work long weary hours at his command. As they do this unnatural work their never-ceasing cries and moans are music to his ears. But sooner or later, the opportunity comes to the Swan Maidens to make themselves invisible. Then they escape their cruel master and slip away to their home.

In spite of its dangers, the Swan Maidens love the earth and spend much of their time upon it. When it is cold and they see the flowers shivering, they wrap themselves in white feather-like blankets and come softly down. They lay a thick cover over the earth, and leave no small seed unprotected.

There are many other interesting things about the Swan Maidens. Perhaps, some one who is now a child—one about as old as you are—may sometime be able to write the wonderful story about the Swan Maidens which the old Greek people neglected to write.

Of course to write such a wonderful story or a beautiful poem about them, one would have to know a very great deal about the Swan

"If you lie very still the Swan Maidens will work their magic before your very eyes"

Maidens. He really should begin to watch them and play their games while he is very little.

If I were a child—if I were you—I tell you what I would do. I would leave the town behind me some summer afternoon, and go to a hillside where the balsam pine trees grow.

I would throw myself flat upon my back, upon the ground, and look up through the pine needles at the sky. If you should do this it will not be long, I promise you, before

the King of the Golden Sword will appear before you, and his daughters, the Swan Maidens, will not be far away. They will soon come gayly trooping into sight.

Then if you are the right kind of a child, and lie very still, the Swan Maidens will work their magic before your very eyes. They can change themselves into anything they like, you know, from a small fluttering bird to a great aeroplane, or a phantom ship which fades away into nothing, while you are looking at it.

And then, if you are fortunate, it is just possible that the Swan Maidens may come down and lay their spell upon you and carry you away with them to the great blue meadow, where you, too, may be anything you like for a whole afternoon.

And if you happen to be the particular child who is sometime to write their story, or the poem, which would be even better I think, the Swan Maidens will surely unveil their most deeply hidden wonders and reveal to you their untold magical secrets and they might even tell you how the poem ought to begin.

However that may be, at about the time the sun sets they are almost sure to carry you back

to the hillside and take away the magic spell.

Then you will sit up and rub your eyes and look around and say, "Can it really be as late at that? The sun seems to be going down. I must have been dreaming. But it was fun anyway. I shall have to run very fast if I am to get home in time for some of those good cookies that Mother made for supper."

HERMES

AEOLUS was the father of all the winds, great and small, and long ago they lived happily together in a deep, dark cavern near the sea.

On holidays, North Wind, South Wind, East Wind, and West Wind and their faithful sisters came home and told of their travels. The whirlwinds practiced their most wonderful feats, and the zephyrs sang their sweetest songs. These holidays, however, did not come often for there were no idle children in the family of Aeolus.

They swept and dusted the whole world and carried water over all the earth. They helped push the great ships across the ocean. The smaller winds scattered the seeds and sprinkled the flowers, and did many other things which you may find out for yourselves. Indeed, they were so busy that Aeolus was often left alone in his dark home for several days at a time.

He was glad when one summer morning, at peep of day, a baby was born in the cave.

He was a lovable, frolicsome baby, and the strangest thing about him was that he had two pairs of tiny, magic wings. One pair was on his little cap, which made him invisible when he put it on, and the other pair just fitted his small ankles.

The baby's name was Hermes, but a better name for him was "Little Mischief," because he was so little and so full of tricks.

Zeus was Hermes' father and his mother was the beautiful Queen Maia. She was often called "Star of Spring," because people thought that wherever she stepped flowers sprang from under the snow.

Aeolus loved Hermes dearly and taught him many secrets which only the winds know, and Hermes was a wise baby and understood all that Aeolus told him.

When he was only two days old he could run and whistle as well as North Wind. He could leap the spaces between star and star, and he kept all the gods astonished and amused with his wonderful tricks.

One day while he was very young he climbed out of his cradle and ran down to the seashore. There he found an old tortoise shell. He picked

it up and made a row of holes along each edge of the shell. Through these holes he wove some reeds which he found upon the seashore. Then he blew softly upon the reeds. The birds heard such wonderful music that they stopped to listen. The leaves on the trees began to dance, and nodded to the flowers to keep still.

The waves on the shore caught the tune, and they have been singing it ever since. Hermes had invented the lyre and brought a new kind of music into the world.

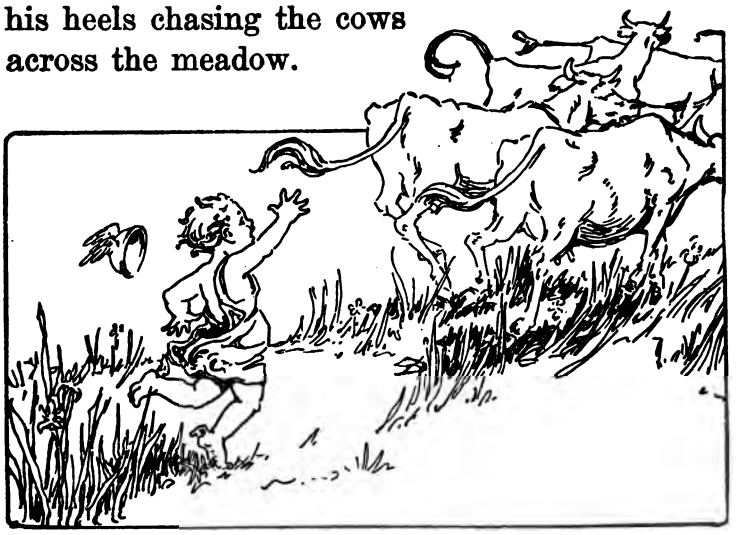
He soon tired of his new plaything and went back to his cradle in the cave. As he lay there and looked out through the opening of the cave he could see a beautiful blue meadow with many white cows grazing upon it. Hermes knew that the cows belonged to his brother, King Apollo.

"What fun!" thought he, "I will go and make the cows gallop."

Off he ran after them, chasing them back and forth across the meadow until even he was out of breath, and the poor cows were dripping with sweat and ready to drop. "Now I must hide them from Apollo," he thought, and he laughed as he gathered the herd together and

drove them all backward into a great cave. Then by magic he rolled a huge ball from the dark blue meadow and placed it before the opening of the cave to hide it from sight.

King Apollo soon missed the cows and searched all the meadow for them. He traced them to the cave, but when he got close to it he found that all the hoof-prints led away from the opening, not into it. He was much puzzled, until an old man near-by told him that he had seen a baby with wings at his heels chasing the cows across the meadow.



"He ran after them, chasing them back and forth across the meadow"

Apollo knew at once that the baby was his mischievous little brother, Hermes.

He went straight to the cave of Aeolus. There was Hermes in his cradle playing with the shell, just like any other baby. Apollo was angry and commanded him to stop laughing and crowing and tell him where the white cows were.

Hermes did not answer, but he picked up the shell and breathed softly upon it. Apollo forgot his anger and everything but the wonderful music. He took Hermes in his arms and kissed him and begged him to teach him his secret.

Hermes was glad to be so easily forgiven. He gave Apollo the lyre and taught him many ways to play upon it. Apollo was soon able to make even sweeter music than Hermes had made, and he afterward became the god of music.

He was so thankful to Hermes for his gift that he gave him a wonderful rod called the caduceus.

With this magic rod Hermes could bring health, sweet sleep, and pleasant dreams to tired and weary mortals; and whatever he touched with the rod became gentle and kind.

One time he saw two hissing serpents about to spring at each other in fury. He touched them with his rod and instantly they became quiet and twined themselves around the rod, and never again left it.

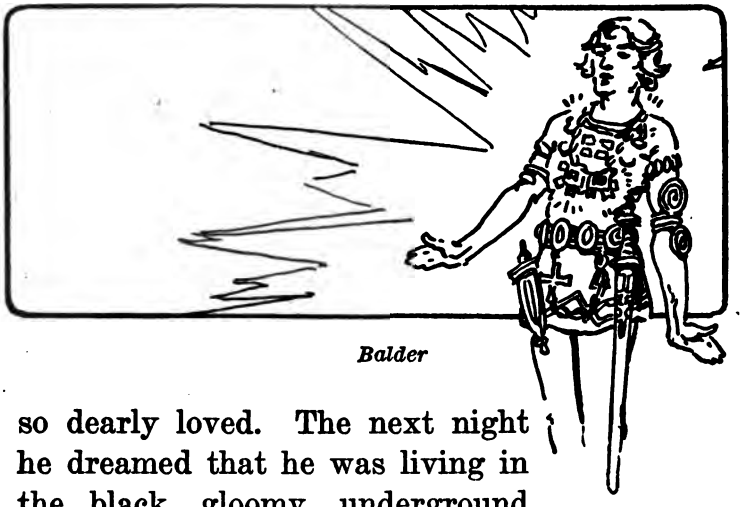
Apollo also gave Hermes charge over all the cows in the blue meadow. Hermes loved them and often took them with him on his journeys of adventure. He was a great wanderer, and so it happens that in nearly all the countries of the world Hermes and his snow-white cows have been seen.

BALDER

THE people in the North once believed that high above the clouds was the beautiful plain of Asgard. In it stood Valhalla, the vast feasthall of Odin, and all around it were the splendid, golden and silver palaces of the other gods. And in the middle of the plain of Asgard, and apart from the other dwellings, was a pure white palace. Only that which was fair and good ever dared to enter this palace for it was the home of Balder, god of sunlight and gladness. Because of his great beauty and wisdom, he was called "Balder the beautiful" and "Balder the good."

Everything loved him. Joy filled the world when he smiled. The dull rocks and the gray old mountains softened with lichens and ferns the face which they turned to Balder. The birds waked at dawn to praise him. For him the bare trees burst into bloom, and there was nothing on earth too small or too sad to welcome him.

But one night Balder dreamed that he must soon leave Asgard and all the things which he



Balder

so dearly loved. The next night he dreamed that he was living in the black, gloomy, underground world. The third night, when the same terrible dream came to him, he was greatly troubled and in the morning he told Odin, his father, and Frigga, his mother, about it.

Then Odin, in great alarm, called together his wisest gods and heroes. But they only shook their heads and could do nothing to help him. But Frigga cried, "It shall not be. I, his mother, will save him. I shall ask all things on earth to swear an oath not to harm Balder."

So Frigga sent her messengers into all parts of the world and everything—fire, water, iron and all metals, stones, trees, diseases, beasts,

birds, poisons, and all creeping things—gladly promised what she asked. They wondered at the question for they thought, "Who could wish to hurt the gentle Balder?"

But Odin, Balder's father, was not satisfied with what Frigga had done, for he knew all things and his heart was very heavy. He feared that nothing could save Balder from death.

All the other gods, however, trusted in the great Frigga, and they rejoiced when they heard of the oath which all things had given her.

In their joy they found a new way to do Balder honor. He stood in their midst while the most skillful gods and heroes hurled their arrows at him. At first they threw only small twigs and stones. Everything, however, soon proved itself true to its promise. Then the heroes lost all fear of harming him, and amused themselves by throwing their huge swords, battle axes, and other war-like weapons. But always Balder stood unharmed and smiling among them. For many days they gathered on the plains for this strange sport, and all things proved their love for Balder.

Loki, alone, was unhappy. Loki was the wicked one in Asgard. He was always doing

clever, evil things against the gods. His schemes were usually unkind and most of the misery in Asgard was caused by Loki's cruel tricks.

Now, when Loki saw that Balder was unharmed he was vexed that nothing had been able to hurt him. He took the form of an old woman and went to Frigga's palace and asked her if she knew what the gods were doing. She answered that they were throwing darts and stones at Balder without being able to hurt him. "Neither stones nor arrows, nor anything else can hurt Balder," said she, "For I have an oath from all of them."

"What," said the old woman, "Have all things sworn to spare Balder?" "All," replied Frigga, "except one little shrub growing upon the eastern side of Valhalla, called the mistletoe. I thought that one too young and feeble to take the oath."

As soon as Loki heard this he took his own form again and soon found the mistletoe and cut it off. Then he went back to the place where the gods were gathered playing the game.

Soon Loki saw blind Hoder standing apart from the others—the only one in Asgard who

could not join in the game. He was Balder's brother and loved him dearly. This was the chance the wicked Loki was looking for. He went straight to Hoder and said, "Hoder, Why dost thou not do Balder honor? Why dost thou not, too, throw something at him?" "Because I am blind," Hoder answered. "And besides, I have nothing to throw." "Here is my arrow," said Loki, "take it and do thy best. I will guide thy arrow to the place where he stands."

Alas, the cruel Loki had made the arrow of mistletoe. He knew that this was the only way in which Balder could be harmed. He longed to see the surprise of the heroes when Balder should at last be wounded.

Hoder took the mistletoe and, guided by Loki's hand, away flew the arrow. Balder the beautiful, pierced through and through, fell lifeless to the ground.

Then all Asgard was dark with sorrow. Strong heroes wept and would not be comforted. The earth grew cold and white and still. The water would not flow and the trees refused to grow. The birds became silent and no flowers breathed their fragrance into the air. And Odin

said, "This is the doom that was foretold at his birth." And he bade the sorrowing gods build a funeral pyre worthy of Balder.

Then Hoder, pale with grief, begged that he might die and go himself to Hela's regions to take Balder's place. But his mother, Frigga, said that there was but one messenger, Hermod, the swiftest of the gods, who could go. Therefore she sent Hermod on Odin's horse to the spirit world to beg Queen Hela to release Balder.

And after three days Hermod returned saying, "Rejoice, for Hela says if everything living and lifeless weep for Balder he may return to us." And there was great happiness in Asgard that day. "Surely," they thought, "everything in the world will weep for Balder." They had forgotten the cruel Loki.

Again Frigga sent messengers into all parts of the world, this time to ask for tears for Balder. And all went well until, at length the messenger went beyond the edge of Asgard into a forest filled with iron trees. There, before a dark cavern, sat a shriveled hag, toothless and old, who gibed at them and said, "Why come you here to my iron forest? Do you scorn

heaven and wish a change?" And they answered, "We come, not for gibes, but for tears." They told her how Hela held Balder prisoner until all things on earth should weep for him. They begged her not to grudge her tears. But with a loud laugh the hag replied, "I weep him not. Let Hela keep him safe." With a horrid grin, she fled, mocking, into the cavern's depth. Then they knew the old woman was no other than the wicked Loki.

But because there was one pair of dry eyes on the earth Balder could not return to Asgard.

Then all the gods hastened to obey Odin's command. For twelve days and nights they worked as only love can make men work. They did not pause for food nor rest. They built a great funeral pyre, and nothing was too small or too weak to help in the work of love.

They found Balder's ship upon the seashore and brought great logs from the forest and bound them upon the deck. Upon these they placed his beautiful white horse, his dogs, his shining armor, and many things which he loved upon earth. And by his side they placed his dear wife, Nanna, who had died of grief. When all was finished, they raised the sails, set the

ship on fire and pushed it out upon the sea. They stood upon the seashore and wept all night until, at sunrise, the sails fell into the dark water. They watched the flames die down, and the waves wash over the sinking ship.

But even as the gods turned, sorrowing, from the shore, they felt deep in their hearts that a time would come when Balder would return, and that then upon the earth there would be no more tears or darkness or cold, but only sunlight and love in all the world.

PERSEPHONE

DEMETER had the care of all the plants, fruits, and grains in the world. She taught the people how to plow the fields and plant the seeds. She helped them gather in their harvests. They loved the kind Earth-mother and gladly obeyed her. They also loved her daughter, the beautiful Persephone.

Persephone wandered all day in the meadows among the flowers. Wherever she went the birds, singing merrily, flocked after her.

The people said, "Where Persephone is, there is the warm sunshine. Flowers bloom when she smiles. Listen to her voice: it is like a bird's song."

Demeter wished always to have her child near her. But one day Persephone went alone into a meadow near the sea. She made a wreath of delicate blossoms for her hair, and gathered all the flowers that her apron could hold.

Far away across the meadow she saw a white flower gleaming. She ran to it and found that it was a narcissus, but far more beautiful than

"Persephone gathered all the flowers that her apron could hold"

any she had ever seen. On a single stem were a hundred blossoms. She tried to pick it, but the stem would not break. With all her strength she grasped it, and slowly it came up by the roots.

It left a great opening in the earth which grew larger and larger. Soon Persephone heard a rumbling like thunder under her feet. Then she saw four black horses coming toward her from the opening. Behind them was a chariot made of gold and precious stones. In it sat a dark, stern man. It was Hades.

He had come up from his land of darkness, and was shading his eyes with his hands. In the sunny meadow Hades saw Persephone standing, beautiful with flowers. He reached out, and caught her in his arms, and placed her in the chariot beside him.

The flowers fell from her apron. "Oh, my lovely flowers!" she cried, "I have lost them all." Then she saw the stern face of Hades. Frightened, she stretched out her hands to kind Apollo who was driving his chariot overhead. She called to her mother, Demeter, for help. No one answered her.

Hades drove straight toward his dark underground home. The horses seemed to fly. As

they left the light, Hades tried to comfort Persephone. He told her of the wonders of his kingdom, of all the gold and silver and precious stones which he possessed. In the dim light, as they went along, Persephone saw gems glittering on every side, but she did not care for them, and she wept bitterly.

"I have been very lonely in my vast kingdom," said Hades. "I am bringing you to my palace, where you shall be my queen. You shall share all my riches with me." But Persephone did not want to be a queen. She longed only for her mother and the bright sunshine and the sweet-smelling meadows.

Soon they came to the palace of Hades. It seemed very dark and dismal to Persephone, and very cold, too. A feast was ready for her, but she would not eat. She knew that any one who ate in Hades' home could never again return to earth. She was very unhappy, though Hades tried in many ways to please her.

Everything on the earth was unhappy, too. One by one the flowers hung their heads and said, "We cannot bloom, for Persephone has gone." The trees dropped their leaves and moaned, "Persephone has gone, gone." The

birds flew away, calling, "We cannot sing, for Persephone has gone."

Demeter was more miserable than any one else. She had heard Persephone call her, and had gone swiftly home to find her. She searched all the earth for her child. She asked every one she met on her way these questions, "Have you seen Persephone? Where is Persephone?"

The only answer she ever received was, "Gone, gone. Persephone is gone!"

Soon Demeter became a wrinkled old woman. No one would have known that she was the kind mother who had always smiled on the people. She sat mourning day and night, her great tears falling steadily upon the cold ground. Nothing grew upon the earth and all became dreary and barren.

It was useless for the people to plow the soil. It was useless to plant the seeds. Nothing could grow without the help of Demeter, and all the people were idle and sad.

Demeter wandered into many lands, and when she found no one on earth who could tell her about Persephone, she looked up toward the sky. There she saw Apollo in his bright chariot. He was not driving as high in the sky as he was

wont to do. He had been hidden by dark mists so that none had seen him for many days.

Demeter knew that he must know about Persephone, for he could see all things on earth and in the sky.

"O great Apollo," she cried, "pity me, and tell me where my child is hidden."

Then Apollo told Demeter that Hades had carried Persephone away and that she was with him in his underground home.

Demeter hastened to great father Zeus, who could do all things. She asked him to send to Hades for her daughter. Zeus called Hermes. He bade him go as swiftly as the wind to the home of Hades.

Hermes gladly obeyed and he whispered the joyful news to all he met on his way. "I am going for Persephone. I am going for Persephone. Be ready to welcome her back!"

He soon arrived in the gloomy kingdom under the earth. He gave Hades the message from Zeus. He told about the barren earth and of how Demeter was mourning for her child. He said she would not let anything grow until Persephone came back. "The people will starve if she does not soon return," he said.

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IRIS' BRIDGE

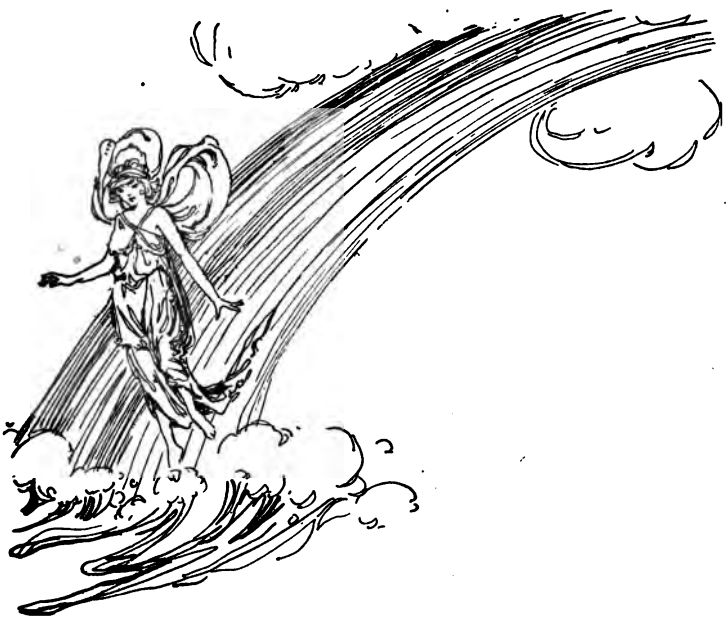
IN the sky where the amber tints are seen on the clouds, Iris was born. She loved her home and all the beautiful things around her.

Perhaps she sailed in the moon's silver-horned boat and found out why the stars kept twinkling. Perhaps she feasted on sunshine and mist, and slept on the fleecy white clouds. Probably she did all the delightful things one could do where there is so much room for play.

But Iris spent only a part of her time in this beautiful home. She often slipped down to the earth, because, more than anything in her sky home, she loved her grandfather, the stern old Ocean.

When he was merry, and drove his white horses over the water, she was happy. When he was troubled, and his face grew dark and sad, she flew down to comfort him. When he was angry, she quietly slipped her hand into his, and at once he smiled and became gentle again.

He longed always to keep her with him, but the Sun said: "No, Iris belongs to both ocean



"'She shall be the messenger between heaven and earth'"

and sky. She shall be the messenger between heaven and earth."

So he placed shining wings upon her shoulders and made a bridge for her. One end of the bridge he rested in the sky, but the other end Iris fastened to the earth with a pot of gold.

Then the sun said: "Iris' path shall be made lovely for her feet." And thus the bridge was fashioned: The earth gave the tints of her

fairest flowers, the sea brought great ribbons of silvery mist, the wind was the shuttle, the sky was the loom and the Sun himself was the weaver. Therefore, it is no wonder that the most beautiful thing in all the world is Iris' bridge, the rainbow.

THE BLUEBIRD

A MODERN MYTH

WHEN Mother Nature with planting was through
There was left of Spring's own color, blue,
Enough to fashion a flower, whose hue
Should be richer than all, and as fair.
But she tossed the bright color high up in the air,
Saying, "So many blue flowers grow everywhere,
Let this bit of sky soar and sing."
From this azure, afloat, a Bluebird took wing—
Our dearly-loved herald of spring.

HOW THE ROBIN'S BREAST BECAME RED

LONG ago in the far North, where it is very cold, there was only one fire. A hunter and his little son took care of this fire and kept it burning day and night. They knew that if the fire went out the people would freeze and the white bear would have the Northland all to himself.

One day the hunter became ill and his son had all the work to do. For many days and nights he bravely took care of his father and kept the fire burning.

The great white bear was always hiding near, watching the fire. He longed to put it out, but he did not dare, for he feared the hunter's arrows. When he saw how tired and sleepy the little boy was, he came closer to the fire and laughed wickedly to himself.

One night the poor boy grew so tired that he could keep awake no longer and fell fast asleep. Then the white bear ran as fast as he could and

"When he saw how tired and sleepy the little boy was, he came closer to the fire"

jumped upon the fire with his wet feet, and rolled upon it until he thought it was all out. Then he trotted happily away to his cave among the icebergs.

But a little gray robin had been flying near, and had seen what the white bear was doing.

She was greatly worried when she thought that the fire might be out, but she was so little that she could do nothing but wait until the bear was out of sight.

Then she darted down swiftly and searched with her sharp little eyes until she found a tiny live coal. This she fanned patiently with her wings for a long time.

Her little breast was scorched red, but she

did not stop until a fine red flame blazed up from the ashes.

Then she flew away to every hut in the Northland. Wherever she touched the ground a fire began to burn.

Soon, instead of one little fire, the whole north country was lighted up, so that people far to the south wondered at the beautiful flames of red and yellow light in the northern sky.

But when the white bear saw the fires, he went farther back into his cave among the icebergs and growled terribly. He knew that now there was no hope that he would ever have the Northland all to himself.

This is the reason that the people in the north country love the robin, and never tire of telling their children how its breast became red.

THE RED-HEADED WOODPECKER

THERE was an old woman who lived on a hill. You never heard of any one smaller or neater than she was. She always wore a black dress and a large white apron with big bows behind. On her head was the queerest little red bonnet that you ever saw.

It is a sad thing to tell, but this woman had grown very selfish as the years went by. People said this was because she lived alone and thought of nobody but herself.

One morning as she was baking cakes, a tired, hungry man came to her door. "My good woman," said he, "will you give me one of your cakes? I am very hungry. I have no money to pay for it, but whatever you first wish for you shall have."

The old woman began to think of all the good things she could wish for. But she looked at her cakes and decided that they were much too large to give away.

She broke off a small bit of dough and put it into the oven to bake. When it was done she

"Even this, when it was baked, looked as large and fine and brown as the others"

thought that it, too, was too large, nice, and brown for a beggar. She baked a smaller one and then a smaller one, but each one when it was done was as large, nice, and brown as the first. At last she took a piece of dough only as big as the head of a pin; yet even this, when it was baked, looked as large and fine and brown as the others. She thought how good it would taste, and she could not make up her mind to give it away. So the old woman put all the cakes on the shelf and offered the stranger a dry crust of bread.

The poor man only looked at her and before she could wink her eye he was gone. She knew now she had done wrong and of course she was unhappy. "Oh, I wish I were a bird!" she

cried, "I would fly to him with the largest cake on the shelf." As she spoke she felt herself growing smaller and smaller until the wind whisked her up the chimney.

She was no longer an old woman but a bird, for she had her wish and her punishment. She still wore her black dress and red bonnet. She still seemed to have the large white apron with the big bows behind. But from that day on, she had always to peck her food from the hard wood of trees. And people call this bird, which was once a little old woman, the red-headed woodpecker.

PHAETHON

PHAETHON was the son of the god Helios, who drove the chariot of the sun. He lived with his mother, the gentle Clymene, in a beautiful valley in the east.

One day when Phaethon was telling his companions about his father, the Sun King, they laughed and said, "How do you know that Helios is your father? You have never seen him. If, as you say, he cannot safely come nearer to the earth, why do you not sometimes go to him."

Phaethon answered, "My father's throne is far away from this valley. My mother has promised that when I am stronger I shall go to my father's palace. I often watch his golden chariot roll by in its path and think perhaps some day I shall drive the glorious horses of the sun. I shall go now to my mother, and ask her how much longer I must wait."

When Phaethon told his mother what his companions had said she answered, "Go, my child, ask great Helios if you are his son. If

you are worthy to be the son of Helios you will be given strength and courage for the journey." Phaethon gladly bounded away and bravely began to climb the unused path which led to the palace of the sun.

At last he came in sight of the throne. He had never seen anything so beautiful. On one side were standing the days, the months, and the old years. On the other side were the seasons: Spring, covered with flowers; Summer, with her baskets of fruit and grain; Autumn, in a many-colored dress; and young Winter, with a crown of icicles.

As Phaethon came nearer to the throne, the light was greater than his eyes could bear. Its wonderful colors dazzled him.

Helios saw the brave youth and knew that it was Phaethon, his son. He took his shining crown from his head and went forward to meet him.

Phaethon cried, "Great Helios, if you are my father, give me and others proof that it is so." Helios took him in his arms and kissed him. "You are indeed my son," he said. "I will put an end to your doubts. Ask any gift you will, and it shall be yours."

Now Phaethon had always had one great desire in his heart, and he quickly said, "Oh, my father! Let me drive the wonderful golden chariot of the sun for just one day." Helios shook his head sadly and said, "That is the one thing which you must not ask to do. You are my son, and I love you. For your own sake, I cannot let you do this. You have neither the strength nor the wisdom for the great work. The first part of the way is very steep and rugged. In the middle part, even I dare not look below at the far-stretching earth, and the last part is full of terrible dangers."

But Phaethon would not listen. He threw his arms around his father's neck and begged to go. Helios said at last, "If you persist, foolish boy, you must have your wish, for I cannot break my promise, but I beg of you, choose more wisely. Ask the most precious thing on earth or in the sky, and you shall have it." But Phaethon had no other wish. "You promised me, oh, my father. Let me go," he cried.

Already dawn had drawn back the purple curtains of the morning and the hours were harnessing the horses to the chariot. The stars and moon were retiring for the day. The chariot

"The fiery horses soon missed the strong steady hand of their master"

glittered with jewels which sent the light in all directions. Phaethon looked upon it with delight and longed impatiently for the great joy of driving it.

Helios said, "Oh, my dear son, since go you will, go not too high, lest you scorch the dwellings of heaven; nor too low, lest you set the world on fire. Keep the middle path; that is best, and do not use the whip; rather hold the horses in."

Phaethon tried to listen to what his father was saying, but he was too happy to heed the advice.

He leaped into the golden chariot and stood erect as the fiery horses sprang forth from the eastern gates of Day. They soon missed the

strong steady hand of their master. Up, up they went, leaping far into the sky, above the stars, and then plunged downward toward the earth. The clouds smoked, the mountain tops caught fire, many rivers dried up, and whole countries became deserts. Great cities were burning, and even Poseidon cried out in terror from the sea.

Then the people on earth learned with what great wisdom the path of the sun is planned.

Helios saw that the whole world would soon be on fire, and cried to father Zeus to save the earth. Zeus searched all the heavens for clouds and hurled his thunderbolts from the sky.

Phaethon was flung headlong from the chariot. Down, down, down he plunged into a clear river below him. His sisters saw him fall and came weeping to the banks of the river. So that they might be always near Phaethon, Zeus, in pity, changed them into poplar trees, and their tears became clear amber as they fell into the water.

Left to themselves, the tired horses became quiet, the great car rolled slowly back into its path, and came safely to the palace of Helios.

But the deserts and barren mountain tops still tell the story of the day Phaethon tried to drive the chariot of the sun.

STORY OF SISYPHUS

PERHAPS you have heard of Sisyphus, the unfortunate king of Corinth, who because of his treachery to the gods was condemned to useless and never-ending toil.

His task was to roll a huge stone to a hilltop, but always when the top was reached the rock escaped his hands and went crashing back to the plain again.

Then Sisyphus had to begin the toil all over, only to fail again, and his punishment was never to stop, never to rest, never to finish his task.

But this story is about another Sisyphus, a great giant, who is still working in the world. He was given the name of Sisyphus because his work at first sight seems so much like that of the other Sisyphus, the poor old king of Corinth.

When the giant Sisyphus was young he got into the habit of being very idle and lazy. He lived by the sea and used to lie long hours upon the shore. He often dreamed about the

wonderful things he would do sometime with his great strength, but it was easier to dream than to act, and Sisyphus always did the easiest thing.

He envied Aeolus, god of the wind, and Poseidon, ruler of the ocean. He saw them carrying great ships from one country to another, and pitied himself because he, too, had not a great work to do.

As he grew older he became sullen and bitter and blamed every one but himself for his own laziness. When he saw the old Ocean playing with his lovely little daughter, White Cloud, he felt lonely and neglected and was jealous of their happiness.

One day, when her father Ocean was asleep, White Cloud went out to walk alone. The Sun saw her and said, "Come, White Cloud, I am Apollo, your king. You are very beautiful. Come and ride upon my bright rays."

Now, White Cloud had always longed for this very thing, so she went gladly, and soon found herself riding among the fleecy clouds in the golden chariot of the sun.

Sisyphus watched her until she was lost to sight in the sky.

The moment the old Ocean awoke he called his little daughter, for he loved to have her near him. She did not answer. He called again

" 'You shall forever use your strength to push these stones far up on the shore, and they shall forever roll back upon you' "

and again, louder and still louder, until the people said, "Listen, a terrible storm is raging."

But the Ocean heard only the echo of his own voice from the shore. He rushed far up on the beach and moaned aloud. He ran into all the caves, but White Cloud could not be found.

All the sea family loved White Cloud, so by this time the water was white with the crests of the weeping sea nymphs, but they called in vain for their lost playmate.

Sisyphus felt sorry for them, but he thought, "Now old Ocean will be as lonely as I am. He has always neglected me, perhaps now I can make a bargain with him."

So Sisyphus called to the Ocean and said: "I will tell you where White Cloud is, if you will do something for me. You are great and powerful with the gods. Give me some easy work to do, and I will tell you where she is."

The Ocean had always despised the giant for his laziness and said angrily, "Have you known all this time where my child is? Have you stood by silently and seen us all suffer? Tell me instantly where I may find her! I will promise to give you work to do. It is indeed time that you had it. But it will not be easy, no work that is worth doing is easy."

So Sisyphus told the Ocean how Apollo had tempted White Cloud away from her home. Then the Ocean knew that White Cloud was gone forever. He knew that Apollo would never let him have her back again. He was terribly

angry and miserable. Then he saw Sisyphus, who lay idly before him on the shore and he thought of his promise.

"You say you want a great work to do?" He said, "You shall have it. You shall begin at once, here, where you have dreamed so much of your life away. You shall forever use your strength to push these stones far up on the shore, and they shall forever roll back upon you."

And the giant had to obey. He began his work that very day and has worked faithfully at his hard task ever since. Many children do not know what his work is. Do you?

THE PUDDING STONE

ONCE upon a time a family of giants lived upon the mountains in the West. One day the mother giant was called away from home. She arose early in the morning and made ready the bread and butter for the little giants to eat while she was gone. When she had finished her work it was not yet time to start upon her journey.

She said to herself, "My children are the best children in the world and they shall have a treat. I have many plums left from the Christmas feast. I will make them a plum pudding for a surprise."

The good woman brought together the plums which it had taken her many days to prepare with the help of all her children. Indeed, she had emptied several mountain lakes to get water enough to wash them all.

She mixed these wonderful plums into a pudding, beat it well until the plums were well mixed and scattered in the dough, and put it into the oven to bake. The mixing had taken

"Let's make balls of the pudding and see who can throw the farthest"

so long that she had to hurry, and she quite forgot to say anything about the pudding to the little giants. She had intended to tell them about it just before she left them.

It was afternoon when the giant children, playing near the oven, caught a whiff of the pudding which by that time had baked until it was almost as hard as iron.

They pushed and pulled a long time at the oven door, until at last they got it open and the great pudding was before them. The young giants sniffed it, and poked it with big sticks. Then they tore off the hard top crust and saw

the plums. But even then the pudding did not look tempting to them. They had already eaten their bread and butter and they were not at all hungry.

So one little giant said to the others, "Let's break it up and make balls of it and see who can throw the farthest."

You know that giants, even young giants, are very strong, and away went the pudding up into the air.

The little giants made smaller balls and the older giants threw pieces as big as a house. Many pieces went over the mountain and fell down into the valley beyond. Indeed, this wonderful pudding was scattered for miles over the whole land, for the giant children did not stop throwing as long as there was any pudding left in the pan.

Afterward many people who found it, when they saw the plums, called it the pudding stone, but wise men were not satisfied with this simple name and called it "conglomerate" rock. You may use the name you like best when you find it scattered over the land full of the plums which the good mother giant had washed with the waters of many lakes.

DAPHNE

DAPHNE was the daughter of the River God Peneus.

Her home was in a cave which her father had cut for her in a great white cliff. The walls of the cave were of marble, and from the roof hung crystal chandeliers which Peneus' servants had made. On the floor was a soft green carpet, woven by the water nymphs.

Peneus brought his most beautiful pebbles to Daphne's cave every night. There he sang songs to her in the evenings and told her stories of his travels. She visited with him the great island which he was building in the sea, and followed him on many of his wanderings.

When the morning star shone in the sky, it was Daphne who awakened the birds and flowers. With her golden hair flying behind her, she sped into the forest. All living things awoke when they felt the touch of her rosy fingers, and smiled as they saw her happy face.

The trees and the forest animals were her playfellows, and she had no wish for other

friends. She learned their ways and could understand their speech. The deer could not run more swiftly than she, nor the birds sing more sweetly.

One day as she was joyfully leaping and dancing among the rocks, the great God Apollo saw her, and thought her the loveliest maiden that he had ever seen. "Artemis herself must have taught her grace," thought he, and he watched her all day long as she sped gayly up and down the valley, as free and light as a bird in the air.

A great love of her beauty filled Apollo's heart, and at last he called aloud to her. "Stay, beautiful daughter of Peneus. Your feet are too tender for the hard rocky earth. Come, you shall live forever with me in my palace in the sky." Daphne heard him, and was greatly frightened. She fled from him wildly. She did not want to leave her father, her beautiful cave home, and all the things she so dearly loved.

Fear gave her wings, and faster and faster she flew. Her hair streamed behind her like a cloud of golden light.

Apollo followed more swiftly than the wind and cried, "Do not fly from me as the lamb

flees from the wolf or the dove the hawk. I am not a foe, I am Apollo, god of song and the lyre. I will carry you to a home far more beautiful than anything you have seen."

But Daphne would not listen. Terror drove her forward. Soon she felt his breath upon her hair, and saw his hands stretched forth to seize her. Her strength failed and ready to sink, she called to Peneus, "Father, save me. Change my form, or let the kind earth hide me."

Peneus heard her voice, and instantly before Apollo's eyes and almost within his grasp her feet became fastened in the soil like roots.

A soft bark enclosed her body and her beautiful hair changed into the leaves of the laurel tree. Then Apollo laid his hand gently upon the limbs of the quivering tree and said, "Alas, I would have made you happy, but you would not listen to me. At least, you shall be my tree. As I have eternal youth, so your leaves shall know no decay, but shall be ever green. Heroes for all time shall be crowned with your leaves as an emblem of Victory."

So saying Apollo sadly gathered some of the leaves of the tree and wove them into a wreath, and hung it upon his lyre.

THE MOUNTAIN ASH

SOME fairies once lived in a dark glen in a pine forest. They were real fairies, many of them not higher than a pin.

Their greatest treasure was a magic cap, which had been in the fairy family for many generations. The most wonderful thing about the cap was that it fitted exactly any one who wore it. When one fairy put it on, he and all the others became invisible. When he took it off, it shone like a tiny silver star, so the fairies could never lose it.

A stupid race of giants lived among the mountains near the fairies. They had heard of the wonderful cap, and wanted it more than anything else in the world.

One warm day when the fairies were away from home, a giant came into the glen. He was seeking just such a cool place for his afternoon nap. He was so large and the glen so small that when he lay down he almost filled the valley. The music of a fairy brook soon lulled him to sleep.

Perhaps you know how a sleeping giant snores and puffs. This giant was snoring and puffing when the fairies came toward home.

They heard the strange sound and thought a great storm was brewing. "There has never been such a wind in the glen," said the fairy queen. "We will not go into it. We must seek shelter for tonight on this hillside."

Just then they came to the giant's ear. "Here is a fine cavern," said the queen, and she stopped and waved her wand. A fairy hastened forward to carry the cap to a safe place in the cave, for that was always their first care.

Just then the giant awoke. He raised his great head. Oh, how frightened the fairies were. And how unhappy they were when they realized that the fairy with the cap was gone. They wept and moaned until even the dull ear of the giant heard them. It was a sound like the tolling of tiny silver bells. He listened and managed to understand what the wee voice of the prisoner in his ear was saying. He was the wisest and most kind-hearted of all the giants. He helped the little creature gently out into his hand, and looked at him in wonder. He had never before seen a fairy.

"How unhappy they were when they realized the fairy with the cap was gone"

In vain the brave little fellow tried to conceal the precious cap. He tried to put it upon his head, but, alas, the giant saw the tiny shining star, and knew at once that it was the treasure cap of the fairies.

He made the poor little fellow give it to him, and then he dropped him carelessly upon a toadstool where he was safe enough, but very wretched.

The giant shouted for joy when he found that the tiny cap exactly fitted his own great head.

The poor fairies could no longer see the giant, for of course he was invisible, but they heard a sound like thunder, as he hurried over the stones toward his home. Fortunately, he did not step upon any of them.

They were now afraid to move about while the sun shone. They crept under leaves and into shells and cried bitterly. By sundown, every plant in the glen was wet with their tears.

The sharp eyes of the eagle on the mountain top saw them, and a great pity filled his heart. "I must help the fairies. Everything loves them," he said. "If I did not I should not be worthy to be called the 'king of birds'!"

He went directly to the home of the giants and demanded the cap, but they refused to give it up. All that an eagle could do he did, but as one of the giants always wore the invisible cap, he could not see them. He could only hear their great voices. He knew, however, that the giants were proud of their size and strength, and liked above all things to be seen. He was sure that they would not wear the cap in their games and races, and he did not lose hope.

Sure enough, a day came when the giants wanted to be seen. They carefully placed the precious cap under a large stone on the mountain side below them. But the keen eye of the eagle was watching and he flew fearlessly to the spot as soon as the giants had left it. He lifted the stone in his great talons, and was soon flying away with the cap to the fairy glen.

The giants saw him and knew at once what he had done, and they began a fierce attack upon him.

The air was filled with flying arrows and sharp rocks. Drops of blood fell on the mountain side, and many feathers fluttered down, but the brave eagle was soon out of their reach. He did not stop until the cap was safe in the fairy queen's lap.

There was great rejoicing among the fairies that day. They had a feast in the eagle's honor, and healed his wounds with fairy magic.

On the mountain side, wherever the blood and feathers had fallen, there sprang up trees with feather-like leaves and blood red berries.

All the fairies, forest plants, and animals knew why they grew there. They lived at a

time when it was commonly believed that the blood of unselfish heroes could not die, but lived again in some fitting form, and that their hero was an eagle, and not a man, did not trouble them.

We wish we might know the fairies' name for these beautiful trees. The man who named them called them the "Mountain Ash," but that is not a good name for them. Any child who is old enough to read this story could find a better one, for, though these trees often grow upon a mountain they are not ash trees at all.

THE POPLAR TREE

ONE night, just at sunset, an old man found the pot of gold which lies at the end of the rainbow.

His home was far beyond the dark forest, through which he was passing. The pot of gold was heavy, and he soon began to look for a safe place in which to hide it until morning.

A poplar tree stood near the path stretching its branches straight out from the trunk. That was the way the poplar trees grew in those days.

"Ah," said the man, "this tree is the very place in which to conceal my treasure. The trees are all asleep, I see, and these leaves are large and thick." He carefully hid the pot of gold in the tree where the leaves were thickest, and hurried home to tell his wife of his good fortune.

Early the next morning, Iris, the rainbow messenger, flew on her golden wings, over the rainbow bridge to the earth. At once she missed her precious pot of gold. In great alarm she hastened to Zeus and told him of her loss. Zeus immediately sent swift Hermes in search of it.

Hermes soon came to the forest where it was hidden. He awakened the trees and asked them if they had seen the pot of gold. They shook their heads sleepily, and murmured something which Hermes could not understand.

Great Zeus had been watching the search from the sky, and he called to the trees, saying, "Hold your arms high above your heads, that I may see that you are all awake." Up went the arms, but, alas, down to the ground came the shining pot of gold.

The poplar tree was more surprised than

any one else. He was a very honest tree and for a moment hung his head in grief and shame. Then again he stretched his arms high above his head, and said, "Forgive me, Great Father Zeus. I do not know how this great treasure came to be among my branches, but hereafter I shall stand always with my arms uplifted, so that you may know that I hide nothing from the Sun, my King."

At first the poplar tree was much laughed at. He was often told that he looked like a great umbrella which a storm had turned inside out. But the poplar tree paid no heed to such taunts, for he had his own work to attend to.

As the years went by every small poplar of the family grew hardy, straight, and strong. And for this or for some other reason, the poplar tree has become one of the favorite trees of the people in every region where it grows.

PHILEMON AND BAUCIS

ON a high hill in Greece, long ago, lived Philemon and his wife, Baucis. They had always been contented and happy, although they were very poor.

At the time of this story, the people in the valley below were very busy. Zeus had sent word that he would visit them, and Hermes, his messenger, would come with him.

The people were getting ready great feasts and making everything beautiful for their coming. For miles out of the city men were watching along the roads for the first glimpse of the golden chariot and white horses of the king.

One night, just at dusk, two beggars came into the valley. They stopped at every house and asked for food and a place to sleep. But the people were too busy or too tired or too unkind to attend to their needs. At one door after another they heard the words, "Begone, we have naught for beggars," and the little children laughed, and threw stones at them as they passed through the valleys.

Footsore and weary, at last they climbed the hill to the hut of Philemon and Baucis.

"A wonderful thing happened"

Now these good people had eaten scarcely anything for several days, that they might have food to offer the king, but when they saw the weary strangers, Philemon said, "Surely, these men need food more than the king."

Whereupon he raked the coals from the ashes and kindled a fire, and he would have killed the only goose they had left to satisfy the hunger of their guests had not the goose been too nimble for their old age. It took refuge between the strangers, who would not permit it to be slain.

In the meantime Baucis rubbed down the table with sweet-smelling herbs, and spread her one white cloth upon it. She brought out bacon and olives, and wild honey and milk. She set

these before the strangers in earthen dishes, and poured the milk from an earthen pitcher into wooden cups.

Then a wonderful thing happened. The dishes which the strangers touched turned to gold; the milk in the pitcher became ambrosia, and renewed itself as fast as the pitcher was emptied.

When they saw these things, Philemon and Baucis knew that their guests could be none other than Zeus and Hermes, and they fell upon their knees and begged forgiveness for their poor offering.

But Zeus raised his hand and said, "Arise, generous old people. Ask what you will, and it shall be yours."

Then Philemon and Baucis cried in one voice: "Grant, O Zeus, that one of us may not outlive the other, but that both may die in the same instant."

This had long been the wish in each heart. The fear of being left alone in the world was the one trouble of their old age.

Zeus smiled and granted their prayer. Then he led them to the hilltop beyond the hut. When they had reached it and turned their eyes backward, in wonder they saw that the

valley below them had become a lake, and that theirs was the only house left standing.

To comfort them for the loss of their neighbors, Zeus said: "Do not grieve, good people. Those who dwelt in the valley were very wicked and unworthy to live. They thought only of their own gain. They deserved punishment."

And then, before their eyes, he turned their own poor little house into a beautiful temple, with a gilded roof, floors inlaid with gold, and an altar ornamented with precious stones.

He made them the guardians of this temple and granted them many years of happy life.

After a while the lake disappeared and people came to live again in the valley. One day these people noticed that the beautiful temple had vanished. They hurried to the spot and found there, growing side by side, two beautiful trees, an oak and a linden. High overhead their branches met and were interwoven.

No trace of the good couple could be found, but many years after, a traveler lying under the trees heard them whispering to each other. He lay very still, and learned that in the trees Philemon and Baucis still lived, happy and contented and protected by Zeus from all harm.

CLYTIE

CLYTIE was not always a sunflower, turning on her stem to watch the journeying sun.

Long ago she was a water nymph and lived in a cave at the bottom of the sea. The walls of the cave were covered with pearls and lovely pink sea shells. The floor was made of snow-white sand, and the chairs were of amber, with soft mossy cushions.

On each side of the cave opening was a forest of coral and sea fans. Behind the cave were Clytie's gardens. Here she spent long hours taking care of her sea anemones, her star lilies, or in planting rare kinds of seaweed. Clytie kept her favorite horses in the garden grotto. These were the swift-darting gold fish and the slow-moving turtles.

For a long time she was very happy and contented. The sea nymphs loved Clytie, and wove for her dresses of the softest of green sea lace. They told her all their best stories.

One day they took her to the mermaid's rock to hear the mermaid sing. Clytie liked one song

best of all. It told of a glorious light which shone on the top of the water. After Clytie heard this song, she could think of nothing else, but longed day and night to see the wonderful light. But no ocean nymph dared take her to it, and she grew very unhappy. Soon she neglected her garden and all her sea treasures.

In vain the nymphs begged her to forget the enchanting light. They told her that no sea nymph had ever seen it, or ever could hope to see it. But Clytie would not listen, and to escape them she spent more and more of her time in her shell carriage, riding far away from her cave. In this way she could dream, undisturbed, of the glorious light which the mermaid had called the "sun."

Now it happened that late one summer night, when the sea was warm and the turtles were going very slowly Clytie fell asleep. Unguided, the turtles went on and on and up and up, through the green waters, until they came out at last close to a wooded island.

As the waves dashed the carriage against the shore, Clytie awoke. Trembling and filled with wonder she climbed out of the shell and sat down upon a rock.

It was early dawn, and the waking world was very beautiful. Clytie had never seen the trees and the flowers. She had never heard the birds chirping, or the forest wind rustling the leaves. She had never smelled the fragrance of the meadows, or seen the morning dew upon the grass.

She was dazed by all these wonders, and thought that she must be dreaming, but soon she forgot all about them, for the eastern sky blazed suddenly with light. Great purple curtains were lifted, and slowly a great ball of dazzling fire appeared, blinding her eyes with its beauty. She held her breath and stretched out her arms toward it, for she knew at once that this was the glorious light she had dreamed about and longed for. This was the sun.

In the midst of the light was a golden chariot, drawn by four fiery steeds, and in the chariot sat a wonderful, smiling king, with seven rays of light playing around his crown.

As the steeds mounted higher and higher in their path, the birds began to sing, the plants opened their buds, and even the old sea looked happy.

Clytie sat all day upon the rock, her eyes

fixed upon the sun with a great love and longing in her heart.

She wept when the chariot disappeared in the west and darkness came over the earth. The next day from sunrise to sunset she gazed upon the sun, and at night she refused to go home. For nine days and nights she sat with her golden hair unbound, tasting neither food nor drink, only longing more and more for the smile of the glorious King. She called to him and stretched out her arms, yet she had no hope that he would ever notice her or know of the great love that filled her heart.

On the tenth morning, when she leaned over the water, she was amazed, for instead of her own face, a beautiful flower looked up at her from the sea. She gazed long, and at length in wonder she knew the truth. Her yellow hair had become golden petals, her green lace dress had turned into leaves and stems, and her little feet had become roots which fastened her to the ground. Clytie had become the small and humble image of the sun.

The next morning, when she lifted her face to the beautiful light, it was so radiant with happiness that the great king himself seemed

to smile back kindly at the happy little flower.

And so Clytie began her life upon the earth, and she became the mother of a large family of flowers with bright faces like her own. Her children are called sunflowers and you may find them scattered all over the country, even in the dry and dusty places where other flowers will not grow.

And if you care to, you may find out for yourselves whether or not it is true that all the sunflowers in the world turn upon their stalks, from sunrise until sunset, so that they may always keep their faces toward the sun.

HOW WATER LILIES CAME TO BE

A YOUNG Indian boy once saw in the southern sky a star which was brighter and more beautiful than all the others. It hung so low that it seemed at times to rest upon the bare, gray peak of the highest mountain.

As the boy gazed at the star, it seemed to sway gently back and forth, as though it were beckoning to him. In wonder, he hastened to the lodge of the wise Shanan, the Medicine Man of the tribe, and asked him the meaning of this strange sight. But the Shanan could not explain it.

The next evening, when the star appeared in the same place, the chief men of the village took council about it. Some held that there was nothing unusual about it: that it was only the evening star which had always been seen over the mountain peak. Many who knew that this was not true, believed that it was an omen of disaster.

The little boy, however, who had first seen it, was sure that the beautiful star boded only

good to people. He begged them to give the star a sign of welcome, so that she might venture to come to them. "I have no fear," he said. "I will go myself to the mountain and speak to her and find out what her mission is."

But the people only chided him or ignored him completely. No one wanted to listen to a young boy speaking about a matter which puzzled even the wise Shanan.

One evening at dusk, when all the people of the village had gathered to watch it, suddenly the shining star began to move slowly away from the gray peak of the mountain.

In fear and wonder the people saw that a host of smaller and dimmer stars followed her. On they came, floating just above the tree tops of the village. The people were filled with an awe so great that no one bade the visitors tarry or gave them a sign of welcome. Only a boy's voice called appealingly to the star, and only an echo answered it.

On the next night, and the next, there was no star over the mountain. Anxiously, for eight nights, the people kept watch, but all in vain. But on the ninth night, at sunset, when the people looked at the gray mountain peak,

the star was there, brighter and more beautiful than ever.

The little boy had thought of nothing else, and mourned when he thought that the star had been driven away by the unkindness of the village Indians. He felt sure that she had some good gift or some message from heaven for the people, and he determined to go to the mountain and help her, since there was no one else who seemed willing to do it.

All alone, he set out the next morning. He knew that he must risk his life in going. No Indian had ever dared to climb to the cold bleak top of this mountain. Even the eagle nested far below its peak.

At first the boy followed the steep, jagged path of the foothills. When he came to the end of it, he struggled on. For three days and nights he climbed, without rest or sleep. His bow and arrows hung idly by his side, for he killed no living thing throughout his journey. He drank of the mountain streams and ate of the wild berries as he hurried on.

At last, worn and spent, he reached the peak. Wearily he dropped to the ground and fell into a deep sleep, and dreamed. In his dream

the star appeared, and it did not seem strange to him that she had taken the form of a young maiden, or that she was surrounded by Indian children, smaller and younger, but not less beautiful than herself. On her forehead shone the wonderful, luminous star, and each of the children wore a tiny, twinkling star in his crown.

Then the star maiden spoke to the boy and said, "O brave youth, because of your faith and courage and self-sacrifice, we shall be allowed to live again in this land of our forefathers. We may not come as mortals, but we may choose some beautiful form and live again among the children of the earth.

"Long, long ago, before we became stars, we were Indian children and lived in this valley. I was the daughter of the chief of the tribe and loved beyond all others.

"Then the earth was young and very beautiful. There was fruit upon every tree and bush. The birds sang sweeter songs and had brighter plumage in those days. The beasts of the field were tame and full of play, and we, the children of the valley, were happy all day long.

"But one terrible day a cruel punishment came out of the East, because a great evil had

been done in the tribe. Since no one would confess the wrong, all had to suffer. In one day, all the innocent ones of the village lay dead. All the children, even I, the chief's daughter, died, and so we became star children.

"But we loved the earth, and we have never lost our longing for it. Now we hope to choose a form in which we can live always among the children of the village and be loved by them. All through the years we have made our prayers daily to the Sun and to the Four Great Directions, which you also worship. At last they have consented to grant our prayer. The Great Spirit said, 'If an Indian can be found who will give you his faith and be willing to sacrifice his life if need be in your behalf, you shall go again to the earth.' Noble youth, you have done all that the Great Spirit asked. You have set us free."

Then the star children lifted the boy gently while he was yet asleep and flew with him down to the village and laid him upon the soft moss by the lake near his own wigwam. Then they waked him and begged him to be ready the next evening to tell them what earthly form they should take to please other children.

The people did not know that the little boy had gone to the mountain, but the next morning many of them told a strange tale. They said they had seen at sunset hundreds of stars come down through the valley and disappear into the lake.

The little boy heard the story, but he did not tell of his dream on the mountain. He knew that the stars had not gone into the lake; that they were waiting among the trees in the forest for the evening.

At dusk the star children trooped from among the trees and danced upon the waters of the lake. They looked so like a band of tiny, glimmering fireflies that no one in the village noticed them. But the star maiden came straight to the boy and asked him for the answer to their great question. She did not wait for sleep or dreams to come to him, for she knew that his heart was with her and she trusted him.

Although the boy had tried all day long to think of a form that would be pleasing to the stars and to the children of the tribe, he had failed. The stars reminded him of pure white flowers, but there were already many star-like blossoms on the trees and on the plains and

prairies. He said to himself over and over, "These flowers must be different from all others. They must be as much more beautiful than other flowers as these stars are more beautiful than other stars."

So when the star maiden appeared before him, he was sorrowful, and said: "Nothing that I can think of is beautiful enough. You must choose, for surely you must know the secret of beauty." But the maiden could think of nothing that pleased her, and when dawn was close at hand, she went sadly to her companions. She meant to tell them that they must wait at least another day. But it was not so.

It must have been when she saw her reflection in the still moonlit waters that she knew her quest was ended. The Indian boy heard a happy laugh; then for one moment all the star children danced about him and thanked him in their singing. The next moment they disappeared, and they were never seen in the valley again.

The next morning there was on the lake a wonderful carpet of great green and purple leaves, and, floating among them, were hundreds of pure white flowers, as radiant upon the blue waters as stars ever were in the sky.

And the children of the village loved them and pushed their canoes in and out among them, and shouted for joy when they found the largest lily of all, which was far too beautiful

"The children of the village loved them"

to pick. And the little water bugs and frogs sat upon the spreading leaves in great content.

The Indian boy kept his secret, and though he may have thought that these beautiful flowers should have been called star lilies, he was willing to have the children who loved them call them water lilies. But the older Indians of the tribe took counsel and gave to the beautiful flower another name. They called it wah-be-gwan-nee, which means great white flower.

ARACHNE

ARACHNE was a beautiful maiden who had wonderful skill in weaving and embroidery. The nymphs left their groves and fountains to gather round her loom. The naiads came from the rivers and the dryads from the trees, and were never tired of watching her.

She took the wool as it came from the backs of the newly-washed sheep and formed it into rolls; she separated it with her deft fingers, and carded it until it looked as light and soft as a cloud. She twirled the spindle in her skillful hands and wove the web. Often she embroidered it with her needle in beautiful, soft colors.

Arachne's father was famed throughout the land for his skill in coloring. He dyed her wool in all the hues of the rainbow.

Her work was so wonderful that people said, "Surely Athene must have taught this maiden." But Arachne proudly denied this. She could not bear to be thought a pupil even of the goddess of the loom.

"If Athene thinks she can weave better than

"'Athene can help you no more until you grow less selfish and vain'"

I, let her try her skill with mine," said she boastfully. "If I fail, I will pay the penalty."

In vain her father told her that perhaps Athene, unseen, guided her hands. Arachne would not listen, and would thank no one for her gift, for vanity had turned her head. She

said again, "Let Athene try her skill with mine if she dares."

One day as she was boasting to the nymphs of the beauty of her work, an old woman appeared before her and advised her to accept her rare gift humbly. Arachne looked at the old woman angrily and said, "Keep your advice for others, old dame. I do not need it." But the old woman said, "Listen to me. I have great age and much experience, and I have come to warn you. Hitherto Athene has aided you, asking for no gratitude, but she can help you no more until you grow less selfish and vain. Above all, I advise you to ask forgiveness of Athene. Perhaps she may yet pardon your selfish pride. Challenge your fellow mortals, if you will, but do not, I beg of you, seek to compete with the goddess."

But Arachne said, "Begone. I fear not Athene, no, nor any one else. Nothing would please me so much as to weave with Athene, but she is afraid to weave with me."

Then suddenly the old woman threw aside her cloak, and there before Arachne's very eyes stood a tall, majestic, gray-eyed goddess, crowned with a golden helmet.

"Athene is here," she said. Then the nymphs bent low in homage; but Arachne stood erect. She grew pale but gave no other sign of fear.

"Come, foolish girl, since you wish to try your skill with me," said Athene, "let the contest begin."

Both went quickly to work, and for hours their shuttles flew swiftly in and out. Athene used the sky for her loom, and in it she wove a picture too beautiful to describe. If you wish to know more about it, look at the western sky when the sun is setting.

She was still merciful, and at length she began a smaller web nearer to Arachne's loom. In this she wove a warning, showing how other boastful mortals had failed when they dared to compete with the gods. She hoped that the girl would even yet repent her rashness. But Arachne refused this last chance to save herself. She would not lift her eyes from her own work.

Her weaving was so fine and beautiful that even Athene was forced to admire it. The figures upon it seemed ready to speak and to live, but into her web she had woven many of the faults and failings of the gods, and her work was full of spite.

When the task was finished, Arachne lifted her eyes to Athene's work. Instantly she knew that she had failed. Ashamed and miserable, she tried to hang herself in her own web, but Athene cried, "Stay, wretched and perverse girl. You shall not die. You shall live to do the work for which you are best fitted. You and your children shall be among the greatest spinners and weavers upon the earth. You shall be the mother of a great race, which shall be called spiders. Wherever men shall see your web, they shall destroy it even as I destroy yours," and as she spoke, the goddess with her shuttle, tore the maiden's wonderful web from top to bottom.

Then Athene touched Arachne's forehead with her spindle thrice, and she became smaller and smaller, until she was scarcely larger than a fly.

And from that day to this Arachne and her family have been faithfully spinning and weaving, but they do their work so quietly and in such dark places that few people know what marvelous webs they weave. Some early morning, you may see their webs gleaming with dew, spread across the grass or hanging between the branches of a tree.

AURORA AND TITHONUS

THE beautiful youth Tithonus loved Aurora, queen of dawn. He was first to greet her each day as she drew back the purple curtains of the east. He made his bed on the green meadow grass that he might not miss her coming.

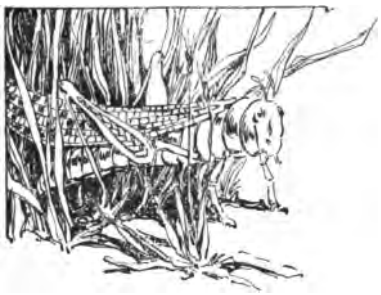
Aurora grew to expect his welcome and to love the youth dearly. One morning Tithonus was not in his usual place. Looking anxiously around she saw him with pale face and closed eyes lying upon the ground.

She darted down to earth and carried his almost lifeless body to Zeus. She begged the great king to promise that Tithonus should never die, and Zeus granted her prayer.

For many years Tithonus lived with the gods upon Mount Olympus in great happiness. He fed upon ambrosia, and Aurora herself taught him music and the dance. But alas, in her haste the goddess had forgotten to ask that Tithonus might forever remain young. Therefore, in time, like any other mortal, he began to grow old and

bent and feeble. His voice became cracked and unpleasant and he was shunned by all the gods. In misery he begged to go back to the cool grass in the meadow where he had been so happy.

Aurora wept in pity for him and said, "You shall go back to earth, my Tithonus. To make you happy is still my dearest wish. You shall be free from all care. You shall not be a man, lest you be compelled to work for your food in your old age. You shall live each season in a form entirely comfortable to you. In summer you shall be a grasshopper. You shall feed upon ambrosia, and be free to sing and dance all the long pleasant days."



A grasshopper

Then she gave Tithonus the wonderful grasshopper coat of mail which had never been on earth before. She tinted it soft green that it might not be noticed on the grass. That very day Tithonus went to the meadow, and there any summer day you may find him and his family, hopping merrily about in the sunshine.

HOW THE MOLE BECAME BLIND

AN Indian hunter once saw a squirrel sunning himself in a tree top. The squirrel saw the hunter raise his bow, and he leaped upon a passing cloud, and escaped into Cloudland before an arrow could reach him.

The Indian set a trap in the tree top, hoping that he would soon return for food.

Now the sun happened to be coming that way and was caught in the trap and suddenly, in the middle of the day, it became dark. The Indian was frightened and cried, "What have I done! I have surely caught the sun in my trap."

He sent many of the bravest animals of the forest up to set it free, but all were instantly burned to ashes.

At last the mole said, "Let me try. I shall bore through the ground of the sky and gnaw off the cords which hold the trap." It seemed a good idea, and the mole set to work at once, but just as he loosened the last cord the sun sprang forth and the bright light shone full in the poor mole's eyes. The sun was free, but the

brave mole dropped to the earth, and though his friends were able to save his life, he was blind.

"You need not pity me," he said, "Henceforth I shall live underground, where really, you know, I shall have no use for my eyes."

All the moles were, of course, proud of this hero mole who had saved the sun; therefore it is not surprising that they tried to be like him in every way. They, too, went to live in dark holes in the earth, and their eyes, which they did not need to use, in time became so small that they were entirely hidden by their fur—so deeply hidden, indeed, that many people think the entire mole family is blind.

HOW THE CHIPMUNK GOT ITS STRIPES

DO YOU know the little striped chipmunk which lives in our woods?

He has a cousin in far-off India called the geloori. It is said the stripes came on the back of the geloori in a wonderful way.

One day the great god Shiva saw a little gray chipmunk on the seashore. He was dipping his bushy tail into the sea, and shaking out the water on the shore. Twenty times a minute he dipped it into the ocean. In wonder, Shiva said, "What are you doing, you foolish little gray geloori? Why do you tire yourself with such hard labor?"

The geloori answered, "I cannot stop, great Shiva. The storm blew down the palm tree, where I built my nest. See! the tree has fallen seaward, and the nest lies on the water; my wife and little ones are in it; I am afraid that it will float away. Therefore all day and all night I must dip the water from the sea with my tail. I hope soon to bale it dry. I must surely save my darlings even if I spoil my tail."

"'I must save my darlings even if I spoil my tail'"

Shiva stooped and with his great hand stroked the little squirrel, and there on the geloori's soft fur from his nose to the end of his tail, there came four brownish-green stripes! They were the marks of Shiva's fingers, placed there as the sign of the geloori's love.

Shiva raised his hand, and the water rolled back from the shore. Safe among the rocks and seaweeds, the palm tree lay on dry land.

The squirrel hastened to it; his tail was now high in the air. He found his wife and children all unharmed, waiting for him, warm and dry

and very comfortable in their house of woven grass-blades.

As they chattered their welcomes to him, the geloori noticed with delight that each smooth little back was striped with the marks of Shiva's fingers. And this sign of love is still to be seen upon the back of these chipmunks. That is the reason why in India, good men never kill them.

A man who loves both children and chipmunks says, when he tells this story, "Perhaps our squirrels, though Shiva never stroked them, would be grateful if we left them, unharmed, to play in the maples in our woods."

THE TRAVELING MUSICIANS

ONCE upon a time there was a donkey who had grown so old that he no longer liked to work, and one night he heard his master say that it was time to turn him out on the road to die.

The old donkey did not want to die, so he determined to leave his home. He arose early the next morning and walked sadly down the road. His long ears hung down drearily, and he was thinking deeply.

Suddenly an idea came to him which cheered him greatly and he felt years younger. Joy lifted his ears, and he broke into a lively trot.

Soon after this he met a dog on the road. The dog looked so sad, with his tail hanging down in the dust, that the donkey stopped and said, cheerfully, "How do you do, Dog? Why are you so sad?"

The dog answered, "Oh, you see, I am very old. For many years I guarded my master's home, but now I am too old to work. I only want to eat and sleep. It doesn't seem right to

eat when one cannot work, so I am going away to die."

"Oh," said the donkey, "don't do that. Come with me. Can you sing?"

"Oh, yes," said the dog, "I can sing. Bow wow! I have always had a beautiful bass voice, but what is the use of that?"

The donkey said, "You shall see. I, too had a beautiful voice. Come with me, and we will sing for a living."

The dog agreed, greatly cheered. Joy curled his tail up over his back and he and the donkey trotted on.

They had not gone far when they met a cat who was looking very miserable indeed. Even her whiskers hung down, and she kept her eyes on the ground.

The dog said cheerfully, "How do you do, Cat? What is the matter? Why do you look so sad?"

The cat answered, "Oh, you see, I am very old. I used to catch all the mice and rats in my master's house, and so I grew to be the pet of the family, but now I am so old I don't like to work. I only want to lie by the fire and dream. Last night I heard my mistress say, 'Those

should not eat who cannot work,' and so I am crawling off to die."

"Oh," said the dog, "don't do that. Come with us. Can you sing?"

"Oh, yes, I can sing. Meow, meow! People used to get up in the night to listen to me, but of what use is that?"

"Oh, you shall see. Come with us. We are going to sing for a living," said the dog.

The cat agreed, greatly cheered. Joy lifted her whiskers, so that she looked very gay, and she and the dog and the donkey trotted on down the road.

They had not gone far when they heard a strange, sad song, "Cock-a-doodle-doo-oo-oo!" They stopped and listened. They thought they had never heard such a sweet and sorrowful sound.

They went on, and soon saw a cock, sitting on a kitchen fence, crowing as if his heart would break.

"How do you do, Rooster? What is the matter? What makes you so sad?" said the cat.

"Oh," said the cock, "if you were in my plight, you would be sad too. I have taken care of this flock of hens all my life, and now I have

grown old. Last night I heard my mistress say, 'Tomorrow, I shall put the old cock in the pot for dinner.' "

"Oh," said the donkey and the dog and the cat in one voice, "not that! She should never be allowed to cook that beautiful voice. No, no! Come with us. We are going to sing for a living."

And the rooster agreed, much cheered. Joy lifted his wings, and he flew happily after them.

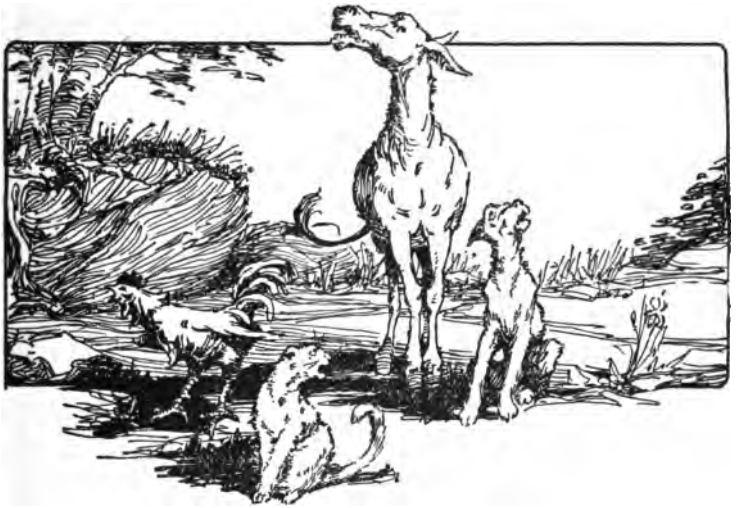
All day long the rooster and cat and dog and donkey traveled on. It was getting quite dark, when at last they came to a great tree, and the donkey said, "Here I must rest. Though I am hungry, I can go no farther today."

They all agreed and each one prepared to make himself comfortable for the night. The donkey walked around the tree and stretched himself out on the grass. The dog turned round and round and dug out a fine bed at the foot of the tree. The cat was more particular. After sniffing about for sometime, she climbed up and curled herself comfortably into a wide crotch in the tree. The rooster flew straight to the very top of the tree and began to shut his sleepy eyes.

Suddenly he opened them very wide. Surely that was a bright gleam of light among the trees, was it a star? No. And having made sure of it, he called to his companions, "I see a light! Perhaps it comes from a house and we might find food there if we could go on a little farther. It seems quite near."

They were all very hungry, so they were glad to go on. Soon they came to a little house in the woods. There was loud laughter inside, and a bright light, but alas, the window was too high from the ground for them to see what was going on in the room. And then the donkey had another idea. He said, "I will put my feet on the side of the house, and the dog can stand on my shoulders, and the cat can stand on his shoulders, and the rooster can stand on the cat's shoulders, and then he can look into the room and tell us what he sees. Perhaps, if we all sing nicely together, they will give us something to eat."

They followed the donkey's advice. When the cock saw what was going on in the room, he whispered the good news down to the others: "I see robbers," he said, "and they are having a very good time. I see delicious food—the



"'Come, we must sing our best,' said the donkey"

favorite food of each one of us. Behind the door is a heap of hay." (Here the old donkey brayed quietly with joy.) "On the table is a great dish of meat." (Here the dog barked softly with pleasure.) "There is a big pan of milk on the shelf." (Here the cat purred aloud with delight.) "And there is more corn hanging by the fireplace than I could eat in many days and nights." (And here the rooster crowed carefully under his breath.)

"Come, then, we must sing our best," said the donkey. Then the donkey and the dog and

the cat and the rooster all took a deep breath and began to sing.

He-ee haw, he-ee haw!
Bow-wow, wow!
Meow, meow!
Cock-a-doodle-doo-oo!

And you can never know what it sounded like unless you hear such a chorus yourself.

Then a strange thing happened. Instead of listening as they should, the frightened robbers leaped to their feet and ran as fast as they could out into the dark forest.

"Now, why did they do that?" questioned the donkey. "Perhaps robbers do not enjoy music. In that case we may have to pay for our supper, and we haven't a penny in our pockets; but never mind, perhaps the house isn't theirs at all. One never can tell about robbers and their doings."

After a while as the robbers did not come back, and the donkey and the dog and the cat and the rooster were very hungry, they went into the house and had a beautiful feast, and then looked around for places to sleep. The

donkey said, "Dear me, it is too hot in here for me!" and he went out and stretched himself under a big tree in the yard.

The dog looked around and saw the hay behind the door and lay down upon it with a deep, contented sigh. The cat went to the fireplace, in which the fire was burning low, and purred herself softly to sleep. The rooster blew out the light and flew up to a rafter. But soon he said, "How any one can sleep in this hot house I cannot see. I am going out." This he did, and soon found a place that suited him on the tiptop of the roof.

They had just gotten nicely settled for sleep, when the bravest robber came back to see what the terrible noise had been that frightened them so. The house was dark and still. He went boldly into it, and he saw what he thought were two live coals shining in the fireplace. They were really the great shining eyes of the cat watching him.

He pulled out a match and tried to light it on the coals. But the cat wouldn't have that, not she. She knew exactly what to do when people were rude to her. She sprang at his face and scratched him spitefully. Amazed and howling

with pain, the robber started for the door. Unfortunately, he stepped on the dog's tail, but the dog wouldn't have that, he wouldn't lie still and be hurt, not he. He snarled savagely and sunk his teeth into the man's leg.

Frightened almost to death, the robber ran out as fast as he could. He could not see, so he stumbled over the old donkey under the tree. But the donkey wouldn't have that, he kicked out vigorously when he was disturbed, and then went off to sleep again.

Now the robber made such a noise, that he awakened the rooster, who crowed as loud as he could, thinking it must be morning.

At last, when the robber, more dead than alive, got back to his mates, he said, "Let us fly. We must never go back to that wretched place again. It is bewitched. In the house there was a horrible old crone sitting by the fireplace. She clawed at my eyes with her long bony fingers, so that I doubt if I shall ever see again.

"Behind the door, on guard, was a man with a terrible knife, who stabbed me in the leg, so that I doubt if I shall ever walk again.

"Out under the tree was a huge monster, with a great club, who struck me so fiercely that I

doubt if I ever get my full health again, and most frightful of all, there was a dreadful creature, keeping watch high above the house who cried out, 'Throw the rascal up here! Throw the rascal up here! H-e-r-e!' "

And forever after, the story says, the donkey and the dog and the cat and the rooster lived happily in the little house in the woods, singing only for the pleasure of their friends.

THE DONKEY AND THE SALT

ONE time a merchant went to the seashore for a load of salt. There were many hills and streams to cross on the journey. As the path was narrow and rocky, the man made his donkey carry the salt in large bags, upon his back. It was a warm day, and the donkey did not like his heavy load. So he hung down his head and went just as slowly as he could. Often his master had to push hard to keep him going.

After a while they came to a stream which had only a footbridge over it. The donkey went through the water, splash! splash! splash! Now it happened that in the middle of the stream was a large stone which he did not see. He stumbled and fell, and the water ran over the bags of salt. But soon he was glad that he had fallen, for he found his load much lighter.

After a while they came to another stream, but the donkey did not stumble this time. He lay down and rolled over and over in the middle of the brook, for he was a wise old donkey. This time he lost so much salt that his master

"He hung down his head and went just as slowly as he could"

was angry, for he was obliged to go all the way back to the seashore for another load, and he did not see how he was ever to get the salt home.

As they were walking along, suddenly the merchant laughed to himself. He thought he knew a way to cure the donkey of this trick. When they came to the seashore, he kept on laughing as he filled the bags with sponges, and they started for home.

But the donkey thought, "What a light load

I have," and he trotted gaily along over the rough road.

Again they came to the brook. "Ah!" thought the donkey, "I will make my load still lighter," so he lay down and rolled over in the middle of the brook. But alas, this time he found his load so heavy that he could scarcely rise. His master kindly helped him, but the donkey was not happy. The water ran down his sides and made him more miserable. "Oh," thought he, "I wish I hadn't done it. I will never lie down in the water again."

Once more his master led him back to the seashore. Again he filled the bags with salt. But the donkey was wiser now and stepping carefully he carried the salt safely home.

KING SOLOMON AND THE BEE

LONG ago there sat upon the throne of Israel a king who exceeded all the kings of the earth in riches and in wisdom. And the throne of the king was made of ivory overlaid with the best gold; and the top of the throne was round, with a footstool of gold, and there were six steps up to the throne which were fastened to the throne. Twelve lions stood there on the one side and on the other upon the six steps, and there was not the like made in any kingdom.

And all the earth sought King Solomon who sat upon this throne in Jerusalem, to hear the wisdom which God had put into his heart.

And it was rumored abroad that King Solomon knew all trees, and all plants and all their divers ways of growing and all their benefits.

He understood also the beasts of the field and the fowls of the air and the creeping things upon the earth.

The fame of his knowledge spread into all lands. And when the Queen of Sheba, who lived in the far South, heard of the wonderful wisdom

of Solomon she came to Jerusalem to prove him with hard questions, and with her came a very great company, with camels that bore spices and gold and abundance of precious stones.

King Solomon told her all her questions, and there was nothing hid from Solomon that he told her not. But it is said that the spirit of doubting had not yet gone out of the Queen of Sheba and she desired to prove King Solomon yet further.

So she caused to be brought forth two bouquets of flowers—one which she had charged her servants to pluck fresh from the fields and one which she had had cunningly wrought in wax.

And when the two bouquets had been placed before the King, behold, there was not so much difference between them in appearance or color, as between one golden shekel and another. And the Queen of Sheba said to Solomon, "Choose, O wise King, which are the real flowers." Then King Solomon looked long upon the flowers and seemed perplexed even while he praised the cunning device. But, presently, King Solomon beheld a bee buzzing near the open doorway, and he bade his servants bring unto him a hive of

"The bees flew straight to the real flowers"

honey bees and place them before the throne, and when it was done, lo, the bees flew straightway to the real flowers, and made known the answer to the question of the Queen, even as King Solomon in his knowledge had foreseen it.

And it is said that then the spirit of doubting went out of the great Queen and she bowed her head and said to the King, "It was a true

report that I heard in mine own land of thy acts and of thy wisdom. How be it, I believed not the words until I came and mine eyes had seen it; and behold the one-half of thy greatness and of thy wisdom was not told unto me. Happy are thy people and happy are these thy servants, which stand continually before thee and that hear thy wisdom."

Then the Queen of Sheba gave King Solomon a hundred and twenty talents of gold, and of spices a great store, and precious stones in abundance.

And King Solomon gave unto the Queen of Sheba all her desires, whatsoever she asked and much more besides from his royal great bounty, before she returned, she and all her servants, unto her own country in the far South.

KING SOLOMON AND THE ANTS

AND it came to pass that when the Queen of Sheba set forth upon her journey to her home in the South, King Solomon and all his court went with her to the gates of the city.

It was a glorious sight, and the like had not been seen in Jerusalem until that day.

And first in the great procession came the King's chariot, which Solomon had had made for himself of the wood of Lebanon, and the pillars thereof were of silver, and the bottom thereof of gold and the coverings were of purple and fine gold. And behind it came the king's men of war, in armour and with shields of beaten gold; and his captains upon horses brought out of Egypt; and great princes in scarlet and purple robes riding upon camels with gorgeous trappings. And behind these came all the great company which had come into Jerusalem with the queen, followed by the king's ministers and attendants with harps and psalteries for the singers, and his cup bearers. And these all bore with them the gifts which King Solomon had

bestowed upon the Queen of Sheba. And there were among the presents vessels of gold filled to overflowing with sweet spices and myrrh and honey and rare old wine; there was linen and fine tapestry and much more besides, for the king withheld nothing from the Queen of Sheba which had pleased her in the kingdom. And the Queen of Sheba rode by the side of King Solomon at the head of the great procession and communed with him of all that was in her heart.

And when they had come some distance on this journey the king cast down his eyes and beheld in the pathway before them, upon the high road, an ant hill and he said, "Behold yonder little people. Dost thou hear what they are saying one to another, as they run hither and thither in great fear and distress? They are saying, 'Here comes King Solomon, even he whom all people call wise and good and great; he will trample us under his cruel feet.'"

Then the queen answered and said, "How dare they complain? Proud, rather, should they be to die under thy feet, O mighty Solomon."

"Not so, great Queen," said the King, and slowly he turned his chariot aside, and all they that followed him did likewise.

And behold when all had passed the place, there stood the small ant hill unharmed upon the high road of Jerusalem.

The great Queen bowed her head again and said, "Happy indeed are thy people, those in high places and those most helpless and weak. Verily thy goodness exceedeth thy fame."

And when they had come to the gates, and the Queen had given her thanks to the King for the gifts of his bounty, and the meat upon his table and the delights of his Kingdom, she said farewell to him; and she and the servants with her departed thence, and as they journeyed southward from Jerusalem, the Queen pondered deeply in her heart all the things that she had seen and heard.

THE GODS OF ANCIENT GREECE

Most of the myths in this book are old Greek nature myths, and since the originals from which our stories are taken are among the most beautiful and best known myths in the world, you will want to know a little more about the gods of ancient Greece.

Greece, as you know, is a very small country with high mountains in every part of it. Some of these mountains reached above the clouds, and made great walls around the cities of the early Greeks. Sometimes men lived all their lives near the sea and never saw it. These people, shut up in the small valleys of Greece, had beautiful thoughts and fancies. Some of the statues of their gods, which they carved from the marble in their mountains, and even the ruins of the beautiful temples which they built in honor of their gods, are still among our most wonderful works of art.

Most of the great gods they worshipped are mentioned in the stories of this book. They are Zeus, ruler over all the gods of heaven and earth, and Hera, his wife and queen; his brother Hades, ruler of the realm of darkness where the spirits of the dead dwelt; his brother Poseidon, ruler of the king-

dom of the sea and of all waters; his two sisters, Hestia, goddess of hearth and fireside, and Demeter, the Earth-mother, who had charge over the sowing of the crops and the harvesting of the grains and fruits. In addition to these, seven of Zeus' children were counted among the greater gods of Greece, and these dwelt with him upon Mount Olympus in the sunny regions between heaven and earth. The names of these favored children were Athene, goddess of wisdom and skill; Apollo, god of the sun and music, and his twin sister Artemis, the fair moon-goddess; fierce Ares, the war god; Aphrodite, the goddess of love and beauty; the lame Hephaestus, god of fire and forge; and Hermes, swift messenger of heaven, carrying with him the magic wand of health, happiness, and dreams.

Besides these there were many lesser gods, for the Greeks peopled the heavens, the earth, the waters, and the air with special deities too numerous to speak of here. Some of them are very well known, such as Pan, god of the woods and fields; the dryads, who lived in the trees and died when the trees died; and the Naiads, who guarded the streams and fountains and all fresh waters.

The gods of the Roman people were borrowed almost wholly from the Greeks, and given Roman names. You will need to recognize the gods when Roman names are used in literature, and for this purpose you will find a key in the following list of names:

GREEK	ROMAN	GREEK	ROMAN
Zeus	Jupiter	Athene	Minerva
Hera	Juno	Apollo	Phoebus
Hades	Pluto	Artemis	Diana
Poseidon	Neptune	Ares	Mars
Hestea	Vesta	Hephaestus	Vulcan
Demeter	Ceres	Hermes	Mercury

KEY TO PRONUNCIATION

ā, as in fāte; å, as in sen'åte; ă, as in făt; å, as in åsk; ä, as in ärm.
ē, as in ēve; ê, as in ê-vent'; ĕ, as in ĕnd; ẽ, as in ev'ẽr.
ī, as in īce; ĭ, as in ĭll.
ō, as in ōld; ô, as in ô-bey'; ô, as in ôr'der; ŏ, as in nŏt.
o͞o, as in fo͞od; ou, as in out, o͝o as in fo͝ot.
ū, as in ūse; û, as in û-nite'; û, as in fûrl; ŭ, as in ŭp.
ch, as in chair; j, as in joke; sh, as in ship; th, as in thin; th, as in then.

GREEK

Abyss, å-bĭs′
Aeolus, ē′ô-lŭs
Alcinous, ăl-sĭn′ô-ŭs
Apollo, å-pŏl′ō
Arachne, å-răk′nē
Artemis, är′tê-mĭs
Athene, å-thē′nē
Aurora, ô-rō′rå
Baucis, bô′sĭs
Caduceus, kå-dū′-sē-ŭs
Chaos, kā′ŏs
Clytie, klĭ′tĭ-ē or klĭ′tê
Cronus, krō′nŭs
Cyclops, sī′klŏps
Daphne, dăf′nê
Deities, dē′ĭ-tĭz
Demeter, dê-mē′tẽr
Dryad, drī′ăd
Epimetheus, ĕp′ĭ-mē′thūs
Hades, hā′dēz
Helios, hē′lĭ-ŏs
Hera, hē′rå
Hephaestus, hê-fēs′tŭs
Hercules, hûr′kû-lēz
Hermes, hûr′mēz
Hestia, hĕs′tĭ-å
Iris, ī′rĭs
Lyre, līr
Maia, mā′yå or mĭ′å
Myth, mĭth
Mythology, mĭ-thŏl′ô-jĭ
Naiad, nā′yăd or nī′ăd
Olympus, ô-lĭm′pŭs
Pan, păn
Peneus, pê-hē′ŭs
Persephone, pẽr-sĕf′ô-nê
Phaeacian, fê-ā′shăn
Phaethon, fā′ê-thŏn
Philemon, fĭ-lē′mŏn
Poseidon, pô-sī′dŏn
Prometheus, prô-mē′thūs
Rhoecus, rō′kŭs
Sisyphus, sĭs′ĭ-fŭs
Titans, tī′tănz
Tithonus, tĭ-thō′nŭs
Zeus, zūs

ROMAN

Ceres, sē′rēz
Diana, dī-ăn′ȧ
Juno, jōō′nō
Jupiter, jōō′pĭ-tĕr
Mars, märz
Mercury, mûr′kû-rĭ
Minerva, mĭ-nûr′vȧ
Neptune, nĕp′tūn
Phoebus, fē′bŭs
Pluto, plōō′tō
Vesta, vĕs′tȧ
Vulcan, vŭl′kăn

NORSE

Asgard, ăs′gärd
Audhumbla, ou′thōōm-lȧ
Balder, bôl′dĕr
Bori, bōō′rē
Edda, ĕd′ȧ
Frigga, frĭg′gä
Hela, hĕl′ä
Hermod, hĕr′mŏd
Hoder, Hē′der
Loki, lō′kē
Midgard, mĭd′gärd
Nanna, năn′nä
Odin, ō′dĭn
Valhalla, văl-hăl′ȧ
Ve, vē
Vili, vē′lē
Ymir, ē′mēr

OLD TESTAMENT

Egypt, ē′jĭpt
Firmament, fûr′mȧ-mĕnt
Hebrew, hē′brōō
Israel, ĭz′rā-ĕl
Jerusalem, jē-rōō′sȧ-lĕm
Lebanon, lĕb′ă-nŏn
Psalteries, sôl′tĕr-ĭz
Sheba, shē′bȧ
Solomon, sŏl′ō-mŭn

INDIAN

Cahroc, kä′rŏk
Coyote, kō-yō′tā
Medicine, mĕd′ĭ-sĭn
Shanan, shä′nän

HINDOO

Geloori, gē-lōō′rĭ
Shiva, shē′vȧ

LATIN

Conglomerate, kŏn-glŏm′ĕr-ȧt
Pyre, pīr

ANGLO SAXON

Mistletoe, mĭs″l-tō

MIDDLE ENGLISH

Mermaid, mûr′mād
Laurel, lŏ′rĕl

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